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EERIE #35

SEPT. 1971

68 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE

EERIE

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 60¢

THIS ISSUE:

THE COMET'S CURSE

I AM DEAD, EGYPT, DEAD

RETRIBUTION

LIKE CATS AND DOGS

...ALL BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS & WRITERS!!

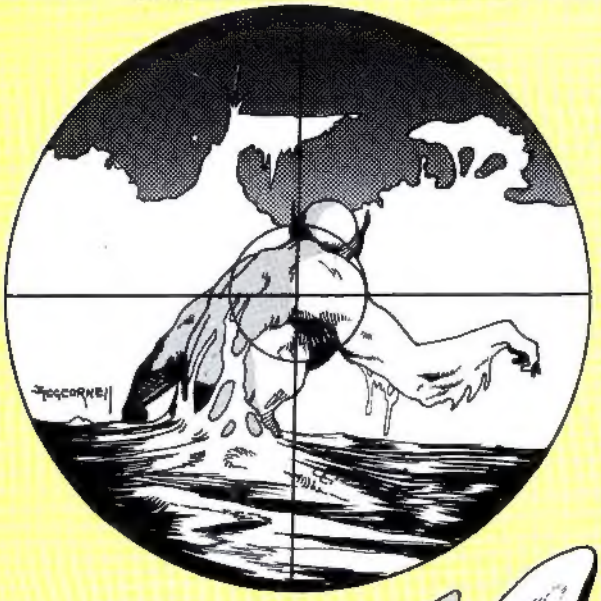
WELL GANG... HERE'S THE LATEST EXHIBIT OF PULSATING PULSEPOUNDING POP ART OF...

EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!

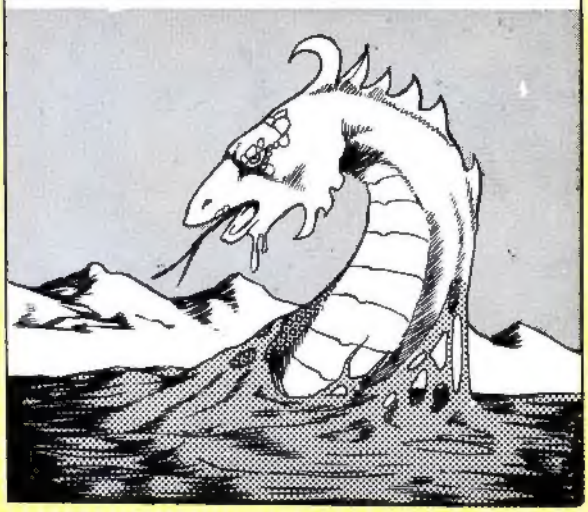
VERY APPROPRIATELY INTITLED...

MONSTER SIGHTINGS!

MONSTER SIGHTINGS HAVE BEEN OCCURING AROUND THE WORLD SINCE MAN CAN REMEMBER!



SUCH SIGHTINGS AS THE CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON WHO APPEARED EVEN BEFORE THE MOVIE! MOST PEOPLE HAVE HEARD OF THE LOCH NESS MONSTER WHO ELUDES HIS HUNTERS AT EVERY TURN!



SIGHTINGS OF A MOTHMAN HAVE BEEN COMING FROM WEST VIRGINIA SINCE 1966...

WITH MORE AND MORE SIGHTINGS COMING IN EVERYDAY...

... IT WOULD BE WISE FOR THE NEXT VIEWER TO PICK AN ADVANTAGEOUS SPOT FOR... SAY A ***MOONLIGHT SWIM!***

ART AND STORY BY JOHN CORNELL

SEPT/71

EERIE

NO. 35

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PAGE 7

PAGE 18

PAGE 33

CONTENTS

RETRIBUTION
"A wealth of gold, and the strange powers of the serpent god, thurnool" .. 6

THE COMET'S CURSE
A necromancer's vengeful spell spans twenty centuries 12

THE TOWER OF THE DEMON DOOMS
Warrior Evrom Dag battles a wizard and a creature from beyond to bring his sweetheart back from the grave 18

I AM DEAD, EGYPT, DEAD!
Greed, the desert, and an ancient pharoah's curse combine to create mayhem. 29

LIKE CATS AND DOGS!
Veteran Willie Cobb experiences a horriffic homecoming 38

EERIE FAN FARE 50

"MONEY"
A Korean folk tale passed down through the ages, becomes a timeless legend 58

PAGE 41

PAGE 54

PAGE 59

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I have never, until now, written to a horror mag, but I must let you know that in its handling of the pathos of alien beings, "Starvisions" in Eerie #33 was every bit as good as the best Ray Bradbury. As for the assertion that sci-fi has no place in Eerie's format . . . well, I say it is a credit to the versatility of your staff that you include such variety. I won't pan any of your other stories because at their worst, they are of such better quality than the best of your competitors that it would be an injustice. "Whom the Gods Would Destroy" is excellent social comment.

BILL POST
Grand Haven, Mich.

It's a pleasure, Bill, to finally receive comments praising sci-fi stories.

Concerning issue #33, I'll say it wasn't the hottest piece of horror between two covers that I've ever read. The only great story was "The Painting in the Tower". These medieval horror stories are great. "The Entail" was great in Eerie #30. Pat Boyette is really great for that type of story. Turn out more stories like these. Also, cut down on science-fiction. When I get a horror mag, I expect to see decayed corpses, horrible ghosts, vampires, and hairy-scary werewolves. I don't expect to find some way-out being with a huge vocabulary. So turn out more **horror** stories.

RONNIE GRIFFITH
W. H., Calif.

No sooner do I say it's a pleasure to receive praise on sci-fi then you come along and put a damper on my delight. How would you like a horror story that takes place in outer space with a monster who has a low I.Q.?

"In its handling of the pathos of alien beings, 'Starvisions' in Eerie #33 was every bit as good as the best Ray Bradbury."

Cover painting for Eerie #33 by Larry Todd, "Starvisions" writer and illustrator. The story caused an exceptional amount of comment. Most readers feel science fiction stories aren't that horrifying. However, "Starvisions" met with varied reviews. Read on to see what a sampling of fans had to say about Todd's haunting epic.

Issue #33 had stereotyped artwork and plots. Except Mr. Todd's! I enjoyed and admired "Starvisions". The **'Mind Blowing'** plot can only be matched by the unusual art. The great texture of 'Arkhorn's' surface is truly to be noted.

The style he sets is not scratchy or smooth but overwhelming in detail. The screws and bolts on Ross' and Janning's outfits are realistic.

Todd's work is truly a breakthrough in science-fiction art and literature. You'll have to place him in a time capsule. Mr. Todd is much too ahead of his time!!

R. M. BAILOR
Schenectady, N.Y.

Next time I see Larry, I'll tell him to prepare for a period of suspended animation.

I liked issue #33 even though I'm opposed to Science Fiction. CUT IT OUT! Uncle Creepy listened to our pleas about science fiction but you DIDN'T! C'mon Cuz, you're not the kind to turn down a request! Save the science fiction for those 15c comics books. That's where we expect it. Even though I'm opposed to Sci-Fi, I liked the story "Starvisions". I would even go so far as to say it was fantastic. Not because it held my interest, because it didn't. Not because the drawing was great, because it wasn't. Not because the ending was fabulous, because it wasn't. Just because of the way the whole thing was put over. How the writing was done, how there was no hint of what was going on or what we were supposed to be looking at and understanding. It was just . . . UNUSUAL! And thats what Eerie is—UNUSUAL. So, Keep up the UNUSUAL work!

LOUIS E. FILOSA
Ozone Park, N.Y., N.Y.

Will do, Louis, will do!

Certainly there should be all types of stories in **EERIE, CREEPY** and **VAMPIRELLA.** I believe Larry Swichard is wrong on wanting just horror stories published in Warren magazines, as I'm sure it would prove too difficult for the staff writers to formulate new and different plots for just one type story. Personally I like any type of short story as long as it's **good.** While Swichard may prefer horror, other readers I'm sure may prefer sci-fi or fantasy and consideration should be given them. Please have Arch write a few stories like he used to. This latest issue of **EERIE** (#33) was rather poor. The best story in the issue was "Whom The Gods Would Destroy". Artwork was mediocre save for Ernie's whose work is always excellent.

RANDY PALMER
Arlington, Va.

'Atta Boy, Randy, A little constructive criticism is always appreciated. Although all comments received are given the deepest consideration. Even pro and con concerning sci-fi.

I'm writing in regard to the letter sent in by Larry Swichard. Although some of his points were good, I disagreed with others. For one thing, he can't be a real monster fan if he calls those great Frankenstein flicks "corny". Any good monster lover would appreciate the fact that there are still some good classics left.

Good horror material from Hollywod is scarce these days. Personally, I'd take a good old Frankenstein movie over all the junk that's been hitting the screens in the last few years. I do think you should cut down on the amount of science fiction you've been printing lately. It's boring to read about weird monsters from outer space. Instead use more vampire and werewolf stories. I know you've heard this many, many times in the past, but it's true. We want more VAMPIRES and WEREWOLVES.

TIM COLLINS
Garden City, Mich.

As I promised in one of my earlier issues, Tim, we plan to have more stories with Vampires and Werewolves. One particular story I just unearthed has a Vampire, a Werewolf, a Ghoul and other assorted EERIE characters.

"...Whom The God's Would Destroy' of Eerie #33 was definitely geared for social comment..."

A scene from the socially relevant "Whom The God's Would Destroy" written by Marvin Wolfman and illustrated by Ken Barr. The story concerned a very possible world of the future. Note dead soldier laying on Park Avenue.

Hey Cuz, this is the first time I've sent you artwork of my own. The reason for this rash move is so I can solve an unusual problem I've been facing. Here it is. Comics fans keep sending ME letters. They praise all the cover paintings I've done for you. My plight is simple—I have NEVER done a painting for any of your covers. (Although I'd like to one day.) Perhaps the reason for my predicament is that I seem to have the same name as one of your cover artists—the name of. . . .

KEN KELLY
Montesano, Wash.

Sounds like you have a problem, Ken. But don't worry about it. Judging from the artwork you've sent in, (see this issue's Fan Club Page) you'll have very little trouble making a future name for yourself in the art world. Let me make a suggestion. . . . Spell your first name Kenneth or spell it with and 'I' (Kin).

I'm an off and on reader of Eerie and Creepy, but since buying Eerie #33, I'm now strictly a regular Eerie reader. #33 was one of the best monster mags I've ever read. Ernie Colon is one of your best artists. His illustration for "Escape Into Chaos" was great. The best story was "The Pest". Neck and neck with it was "The Painting in the Tower". The rest was just O.K. I didn't care too much for "A trip in Time" though, too dull. Your Monster Gallery about "Minotaur" was great! I read a letter in that issue sent in by Kim Allomon, and I agree that color would ruin your books. Please don't ruin them by switching from black and white to color.

CANDY PIRNAK
Islip, L.I., N.Y.

Wouldn't you like to see blood in color, Candy?

I just discovered your magazines, and I must say, WOW!!! I've been a fan of science fiction for many years. I've noticed that some of your readers want to get rid of S.F. and devote both Creepy and Eerie to horror. May I suggest that Creepy go all the way with horror and Eerie go all the way with S.F. This way, many of us could get exactly what we want. Vampirella should remain the same curious mixture of stories.

JOHN MOFFITT
College Sta., Texas

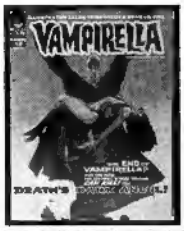
Then I'm afraid nobody will be completely satisfied, John.

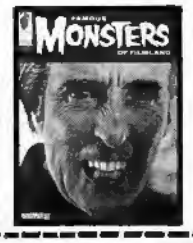
Cuz, Ole' buddy, for the 8th time I saw "2001: A Space Odyssey" and it just came to me that this story is super-Eerie, right? Why don't you publish a 30-page story on 2001 ? It would really be great.

JIM EKL
Des Plaines, Ill.

Why re-do a Super-Eerie Epic movie in an illustrated horror magazine, Jim? What I'd like to see is an illustrated horror story from my magazine made into a Super-Eerie Epic movie.

THE NEXT TIME SOMEONE ASKS, "DID YOU SEE THAT GREAT STORY IN CREEPY (OR EERIE, OR VAMPIRELLA, OR FM)?"—BE SURE YOU CAN ANSWER YES. GET YOUR ISSUES MAILED TO YOU IN A STURDY, PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE. MAIL THE COUPON NOW. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE IF NOT SATISFIED.





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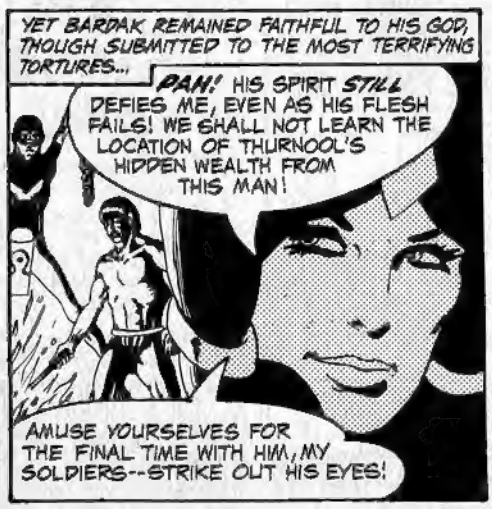
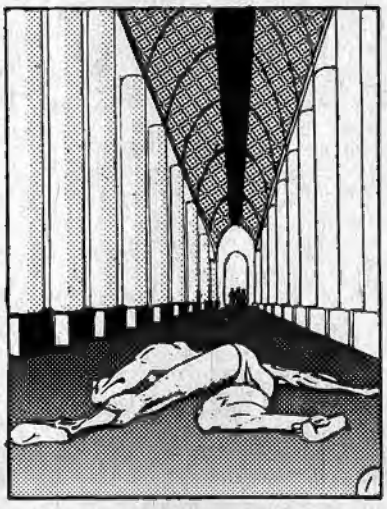




ART BY STEVE ENGLEHART/STORY BY GARDNER FOX AND STEVE ENGLEHART

PRIEST! THOUGH BLINDED, YOU LIVE AGAIN THROUGH MY POWERS! I HAVE USE OF YOU! YOU MUST DECEIVE MY ENEMIES AND CARRY MY ESSENCE INTO THEIR CAMP WITH MY SACRED GOLD! I SHALL YET TRIUMPH!
AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT A BLIND MAN CAME TO ARMAL, THE CITY OF WAR AND WARRIORS! HE HAD THE MEIN OF A BEGGAR-- YET HIS OUTSTRETCHED PALMS DID NOT PLEAD FOR ALMS AS HE APPROACHED THE TOWERING ENTRANCE GATE...
GOLD COINS FOR SALE... GOLD COINS IN EXCHANGE FOR COPPER MINISSI!... A FORTUNE IN HONEST GOLD!
BEGONE, OLD MAN! DO NOT SEEK TO BRING YOUR LUNACY TO THIS CITY! THOSE COINS CANNOT BE VALID, AND SWINDLERS ARE DEALT WITH HARSHLY INSIDE THE GATE!
YET SOME THERE WERE AMONG THE THIEVES' GUILD WHO RECOGNIZED THE BLIND MAN...
2

THE QUEEN OF THIEVES HAD THE BEGGAR BROUGHT TO HER PRIVATE TENT OUTSIDE THE GATES, A RESORT TO WHICH SHE COULD RETIRE WHENEVER SHE WISHED TO AVOID THE PRYING EYES AND EARS OF THE CITY...

IT SEEMS THAT MY MAN *ERRED* WHEN HE PRONOUNCED YOU DEAD, PRIEST, AND *I* AM WELL ABLE TO RECOGNIZE GOLD WHEN I SEE IT! CURIOSITY IS MY PREROGATIVE AS WOMAN, AND KNOWLEDGE IS MY RIGHT AS QUEEN! *SPEAK!*

COME WITH ME, OLD MAN! I WOULD SPEAK WITH YOU!

KNOW THEN, O QUEEN, THAT THURNOOL *SPOKE* TO ME AS I LAY IN THE TEMPLE!

HE TOLD ME TO GATHER UP HIS TREASURES AND BRING THEM TO ARMAL, TO GIVE TO ITS PEOPLE SO THAT THEY MIGHT KNOW AND REMEMBER HIS NAME! NONE EXISTS IN GAGRATH TO REMEMBER THURNOOL; THUS, WHAT *NEED* HAS *ME* FOR GOLD?

AS THE FLAMING SUN HUNG HIGH OVER THE CITY, CORELLE AND HER MINIONS VENTURED FORTH WITH BARDAK, HIGH PRIEST AND BEGGAR...
IF YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH, OLD MAN, I SHALL BE VERY GRATEFUL! YOU WILL BE HONORED TILL YOUR DAYS SHALL END--
AND I MYSELF SHALL SEE THAT YOU ARE PLEASURED IN ALL THINGS--IN ALL THINGS, PRIEST!

HIGH INTO THE HILLS BEYOND THE LOWERING CITY THEY RODE, UNTIL THEY CAME TO A CRUMBLING RUIN...
THE BUILDING YOU DESCRIBE IS THE ONE I REMEMBER! THE REST OF THE GOLD LIES HERE!

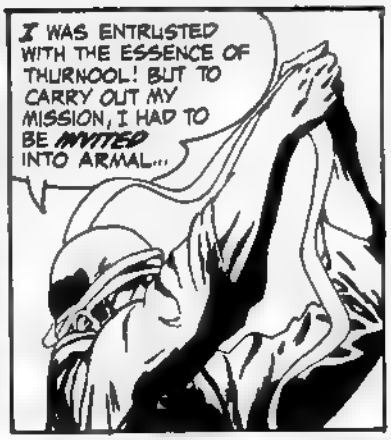
IT IS INDEED HERE, O QUEEN! BAGS OF THE RICHEST COINS--AND JEWELS AND SILKS, ALSO!

THEN BIND THAT DODDERING BEGGAR!

YOU FOOL! TONIGHT WE SHALL FEAST AND DANCE IN ARMAL, REVELLING IN OUR NEWLY-WON RICHES!
THEN, WE SHALL TORTURE YOU TO DEATH AGAIN--AND THIS TIME WE SHALL MAKE NO ERROR!
4

NOW BEGAN IN ARMAL A FEASTING AND DANCING THE LIKE OF WHICH NO MAN HAD EVER SEEN! MUSIC FILLED THE AIR, AND THE GURGLE OF WINE RAN WITH THE LAUGHTER OF DRUNKEN MEN AND WOMEN, FOR THIS WAS A PRIZE FROM THURNOOL, WHO HAD ONCE BEEN A GOD...
WHILE THE PEOPLE OF ARMAL DANCED AND MADE LOVE, THERE YET EXISTED ONE PLACE OF DARKENED WINDOWS AND FORBIDDING ASPECT...
PRIEST, YOU HAVE DOUBTLESS BEEN COMFORTING YOURSELF THAT I AM A FOOL!
I AM CERTAINLY AWARE OF THE TRUE POWERS OF THE MYRIAD GODS, AND OF THE SERPENT GOD IN PARTICULAR! I DO NOT TAKE THEM LIGHTLY!
I HAVE NO DOUBT IN MY MIND THAT YOU AND YOUR GOD PLANNED SOME TRICKERY, HAVING TO DO WITH THIS TREASURE!
YET I ALLOWED YOUR ENCHANTED GOLD TO BE BROUGHT HERE, FOR I ALSO HAVE PRIESTS AND GODS AT MY DISPOSAL! JANICRAG, HERE, IS HIGH PRIEST OF THE RAM GOD, AND HE WILL RENDER YOUR SORCERY USELESS!
REGA
FLEXUS
MOR
IT IS DONE! WHAT SAY YOU NOW, OLD MAN?
WHY ARE YOU SO SILENT...? HA-HA-HA!

AH, BUT YOU STILL ERR, CORELLE! THERE WAS NO CURSE UPON THE TREASURE--NONE AT ALL!


I WAS ENTRUSTED WITH THE ESSENCE OF THURNOOL! BUT TO CARRY OUT MY MISSION, I HAD TO BE INVITED INTO ARMAL...

AND NOW-- I AM THURNOOL!!

NOBODY EVER FOUND ARMAL AFTER THAT! SNAKES CAN GOBBLE UP THINGS A LOT BIGGER THAN THEMSELVES, YOU KNOW, AND THIS THURNOOL WAS NO WORM...HEE HEE...
HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN BOA'D...HEE...
6
The End

PROLOGUE: TOO LATE, SIDIOUS, THE NECRO MANCER, SAW THE COMING OF THE CENTURIAN WITH HIS SQUAD OF GRIMLY DETERMINED SOLDIERS. NO CHANCE FOR FLIGHT NOW, NO WAY TO SAFETY, ONLY.

A CHANCE TO AVENGE MYSELF UPON MY WOULD-BE EXECUTIONERS!

AS SANDALED FEET SLAPPED UP THE STONE FLIGHT TOWARD HIS SINISTER APARTMENT, SIDIOUS MADE HASTY PREPARATIONS, MUTTERING IN ARCANE TONGUE..

GASTAL VSA ANST! DII XEA VALL!

...AND WHEN THE SOLDIERS BURST INTO THE ROOM, THEIR SWORDS DRAWN, SIDIOUS WAS READY!

PRAY SHEATH YOUR WEAPONS, SIRS! THE MONSTER SURRENDERS MEEKLY

THE CORNERED RAT SPEAKS SOFTLY!

INDEED, PRAXUS, BUT BEWARE THE HIDDEN BITE!

SIDIOUS SMILED SUCH A SMILE AS WOULD SOUR MILK...

JUST SO! I HAVE CHARGED YOU ALL WITH A CURSE! AND FOR VALEN, WHOM I KNEW OF OLD I RESERVE A SINGULAR FATE!!

I WOULD KILL HIM NOW, VALLEN!

NO. NOT YET, LET THE LAW STOP HIS HEART!

AND SO SIDIOUS THE NECRO MANCER CAME BEFORE GAIS THE CONSUL...

SIDIOUS, YOUR CRIMES AGAINST THE PEOPLE OF ROME ARE TOO MANY AND TOO WELL KNOWN TO BEAR REPEATING, THUS UNDER THE LAWFUL STATUTES OF ROME I CONDEMN YOU TO DEATH!

AND SO END THIS VILE MATTER, FOREVER

FOREVER? HA HAH, I THINK NOT!

ART BY FRANK BRUNNER/STORY BY BUDDY SAUNDERS

THE COMET'S CURSE!

COME ROAM, WITH ME, FIENDISH FANS! YOU'RE IN FOR A REAL FRIGHT FEAST THAT IS, IF YOU'RE WILLING TO WAIT FOR THE COMING OF...

SIDIOUS WATCHED THE SOLDIERS GO, TAKING WITH THEM THE ONLY LIGHT IN THE DUNGEON! SOON HE WOULD BE EXECUTED AND GONE FOREVER WOULD BE HIS GREATEST AND MOST SECRET TREASURE!

THINK UPON YOUR EVIL PAST, WIZARD! THINK OF THE SOULS YOU'VE TRICKED INTO HELL! IN THREE DAYS YOU JOIN THEM!

AND YOU, VALLEN COMRADE OF LONG AGO THINK YOU OF THE COMET COMING INTO TONIGHTS SKY WHEN AGAIN IT RETURNS ***MADNESS*** WILL POSSESS YOU AND YOU WILL RAIN ***DEATH UPON ALL!*** EVEN BE THEY THOSE WHOM YOU LOVE MOST!

RAVE ON, SIDIOUS, YOUR POWER IS ***DEAD*** AS SOON YOU'LL BE!

YES, I DIE VALLEN! BUT BY THE GODS YOU'LL FOLLOW!

SOON AS VALLEN AND PRAXUS STEPPED OUT INTO A NARROW STREET..

A A COMET! VALLEN, DO YOU THINK

COINCIDENCE ONLY, LAD, SIDIOUS IS ALONE IN HIS CELL CHAINED AND HELPLESS!

ROME WAS IN A TIME OF TURMOIL. BY THE THINEST THREAD OF CHANCE, SIDIOUS ESCAPED EXECUTION. BUT NOT IMPRISONMENT. THE DAYS AND WEEKS TURNED INTO MONTHS AND YEARS! AND THE NECROMANCER SHOWED NO SIGN OF AGING. YET HIS GUARD CHANGED OFTEN AND NONE REMAINED LONG ENOUGH TO GUESS HIS SECRET...
PLAGU
HAS MY HARD WON IMMORTALITY BROUGHT ME TO THIS, ...ETERNAL CAPTIVITY IN A BLACK PIT UNFIT EVEN FOR LICE AND TOADS?
TRULY SIDIOUS FAIRED BADLY BUT THOSE UNDER HIS CURSE FAIRED MUCH WORSE! THE CONSUL GAIS WAS MURDERED BY AN ANGRY MOB...
PRAXUS DIED IN BATTLE LIKE A SOLDIER BUT THE WILD DOGS WHO CAME UPON THE BATTLEFIELD SAW ONLY AN EASY FEAST!...
AND VALLEN, KNOWING THESE TERRIBLE THINGS, WATCHED EACH NIGHT'S SKY WITH RENEWED DREAD..
STAY, VALLEN TOGETHER WE COULD BE HAPPY BUILD A HOME, HAVE...
NO, I MUST GO!
WHEN THE COMET BRINGS MADNESS I MUST BE FAR FROM THOSE I LOVE!

TWENTY YEARS PASSED AMID RIOT AND SLAUGHTER! AN AGED VALLEN RETURNED TO ROME!...

I MUST BE CERTAIN THAT SIDIOUS DIED! HE SHOULD HAVE DIED LONG AGO, BUT...

IN THE GREAT PRISON UNDER ROME, VALLEN FOUND HIS ANSWER!

SIDIOUS!

VALLEN!

YEARS ON END HAD SIDIOUS BEEN SAWING AT HIS CHAINS. NOW, AS VALLEN DREW HIS SWORD, THE NECRO MANCER TORE HIMSELF FREE...

FREE! FREE AT LAST!

SNAP!

THEN DIE FREE!!

SIDIOUS FLED AND VALLEN FOLLOWED, UP MOLD-ROTTEN STONE STAIRS UP TO THE WORLD OF LIGHT AND MADNESS!...

ROME IS DYING, MURDERING ITSELF! BUT I...I WILL LIVE EVEN WHEN ROME IS A MEMORY!

IN THE FLAMING BEEHIVE THAT WAS ROME, VALLEN LOST SIDIOUS BUT FOUND DEATH!

SUPPORTS BURNED AWAY... WALL FALLING... I'LL BE CRUSHED!

THE *CURSE*... EMPTY AFTER ALL! GASP! THE COMET NEVER RETURNED AND NOW I DIE WITH ONLY ONE REGRET... THAT I FAILED TO DESTROY SIDIOUS!

BET YOU'RE THINKING YOU'VE TURNED TOO MANY PAGES AND GOTTEN INTO THE NEXT PANIC PIECE. BUT NO THIS IS STILL "THE COMET'S CURSE" AND AFTER TWO THOUSAND YEARS, WE'RE STILL WAITING FOR IT TO STRIKE...

SIDIOUS THE NECRO MANCER WAS NOW PROF SIDONIOUS CHIEF OF ARCHAEOLOGICAL STUDIES MUSEUM OF ROME!
READY PROF SIDONIOUS?
YES, INDEED, MAXAM IT IS NOT EVERYDAY WE UNCOVER SUCH A FIND!

HIS ASSOCIATES NEVER CEASED TO MARVEL AT HIS AMAZING KNOWLEGE OF THE PAST BUT ONLY SIDONIOUS KNEW THE EVEN MORE INCREDIBLE ANSWER
TO THINK A HITHERTO UNKNOWN VILLA BELONGING TO POMPEY HIMSELF!
STRANGE THAT I SHOULD HAVE FORGOTTEN ITS LOCATION!
IRONICALLY THE PLACE IS NOW NOTHING BUT A PIG LOT!
UH YES, CURIOUS!
SO MUCH TO REMEMBER IN TWO THOUSAND YEARS, AND THESE FOOLS GAWK AT WHAT MEMORY REMAINS!

I'VE FORGOTTEN ...SO VERY MUCH!
HERE WE ARE PROFESSOR... THE DIG SIGHT!

A WALL STOOD HERE PROFESSOR, AND BENEATH ITS WRECKAGE..

...AND THERE THE REMAINS OF A SOLDIER!
WHERE? I SEE NOTHING!

STRANGE! THE BONES, THE ARMOR ...ALL GONE!

AN OLD NEARLY FORGOTTEN MEMORY AND A TERRIBLE DOUBT DROVE SIDIOUS TO GAZE SKYWARD, AND THERE, DIM BUT CERTAIN....
THE COMET!

OUT OF THE DARKNESS CAME A SOUND, DRY AND BRITTLE, FOLLOWED BY SOMETHING EQUALLY DRY AND BRITTLE!... SOMETHING THAT MADE PROF. SIDONIOUS WHITEN WITH DREAD. HE KNEW HIS CURSE WOULD BE FULFILLED AND AFTER TWENTY CENTURIES OF DELAY, A DYING MAN'S WISH WOULD BE REALIZED...
DO YOU SUPPOSE SOMEONE COULD'VE STOLEN THE BODY ARMOR AND ALL?
THE END

IN THOSE ANCIENT LANDS THAT STRETCH FROM KABBLAMOTH TO LONG-DESERTED GAGRATH, THERE ONCE EXISTED A TINY KINGDOM KNOWN AS ELBISSON... AND IN THIS DEMON-HAUNTED LAND LIVED A YOUNG WARRIOR RENOWNED FOR HIS LOVE FOR THE FAIR MAIDEN ROSALIA. BY DAY AND NIGHT HE SANG FOR HIS LOVE FOR ROSALIA -- UNTIL THE PLAGUE CAME WALKING OVER THE HILLS AND THROUGH THE DALES OF ELBISSON... AND ROSALIA DIED AND WAS BURIED!
NOW INDEED DID EVROM DAG KEEN OUT THE SORROWS OF HIS BROKEN HEART! RARELY DID HE LEAVE THE CEMETERY WHERE THE FAIR MAID LAY IN HER GRAVE. WHAT COULD HE HAVE KNOWN OF THE AWFUL HORROR THAT LAY WAITING FOR HIM IN...

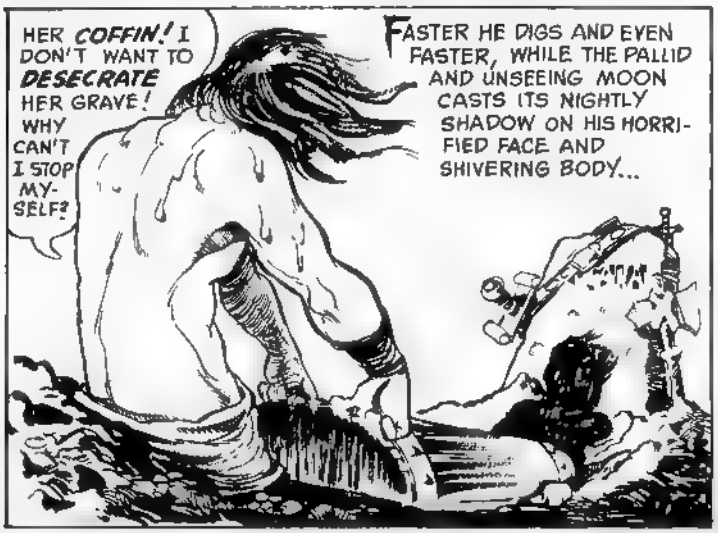
WHAT AM I DOING? MY *HANDS* ARE DEFILING THE DIRT OF MY TRUE LOVE'S GRAVE!

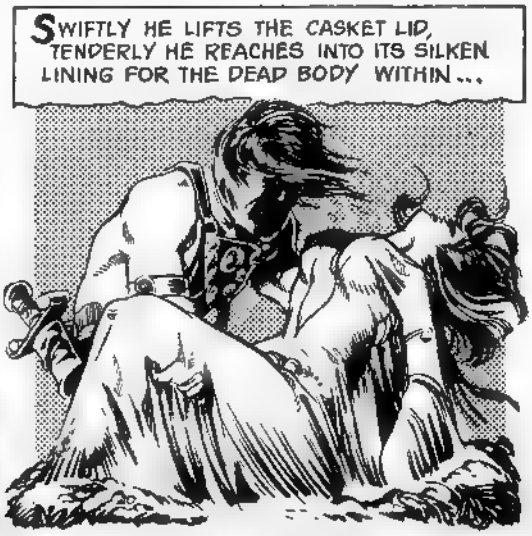
I CANNOT STOP THEM! THEY ARE LIKE THINGS APART FROM ME!

ROSALIA

MIKE PLOOG

THE TOWER OF THE DEMON DOOMS!





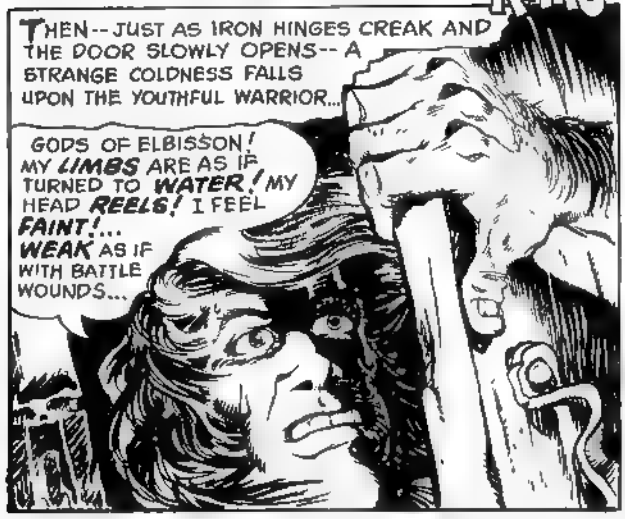
ART BY MIKE PLOOG/STORY BY GARDNER FOX

;SOB; ROSALIA--FORGIVE ME! SOME ELDRICH SPELL HAS ME IN ITS GRIP. I CANNOT HELP MYSELF!

ALONG AN UNUSED ROAD HE WALKS, THE SHADOWS OF TREE LIMBS BECKONING HIM ON...
NOR CAN THORDON, THE GOD OF WAR, AID ME--FOR HE HAS NO POWER IN THE REALM OF THE DEAD!

UNTIL AT LENGTH HE STANDS BEFORE A GREAT BLACK TOWER...
KODORES THE MAGICIAN DWELLS WITHIN! BUT WHAT USE HAS HE FOR HER WHOSE REMAINS I CARRY?

DESPERATELY HE POUNDS ON THE IRON-BARRED DOOR...
OPEN, DRED MAGE! OPEN AND ANSWER THE QUESTIONS I WOULD ASK OF YOU!
KANG KANG KANG


THEN--JUST AS IRON HINGES CREAK AND THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS--A STRANGE COLDNESS FALLS UPON THE YOUTHFUL WARRIOR...
GODS OF ELBISSON! MY LIMBS ARE AS IF TURNED TO WATER! MY HEAD REELS! I FEEL FAINT!... WEAK AS IF WITH BATTLE WOUNDS...

HIS LEGS GROW WEAK, HE DROPS TO THE STONE IN PAIN...
AYE, EVRAM DAG! THIS NIGHT YOU HAVE SERVED THE SORCERER WELL, FOR YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME YOUR BELOVED! AND KODORES HAS USE FOR HER!

IN TONES THAT MIGHT DROWN OUT THUNDER ITSELF, KODORES ROARS OUT THE SPELLS OF FEARSOME ABADDON!...
KTHULNU BOROL CTHAFFOS!

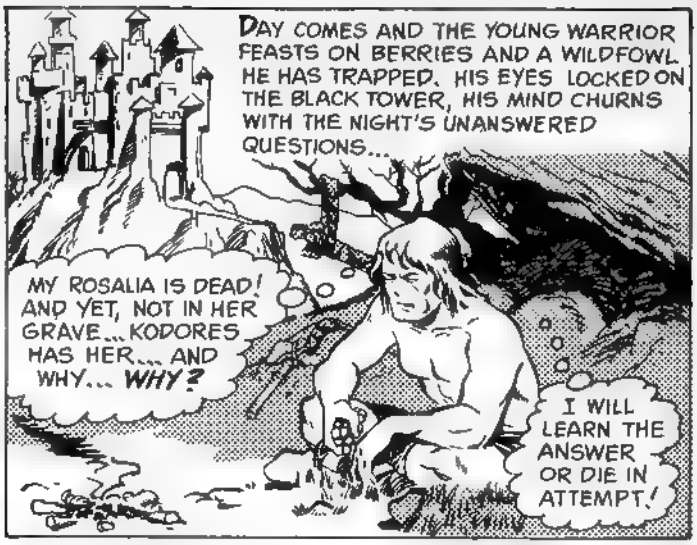
AS THAT AWESOME SUMMONS RINGS THROUGH THE AIR--ROSALIA STIRS!...
SHE--LIVES!
THE SORCERER BROUGHT HER BACK TO LIFE!
HIS BELOVED RISES TO PREEN HERSELF! HER LUNGS FILL AND EMPTY WITH AIR IN A TERRIFYING SIMULACRUM OF LIFE ITSELF!
AND YET--IT IS ONLY A SHAM OF LIFE!
I THINK I WOULD RATHER HER HONESTLY DEAD!

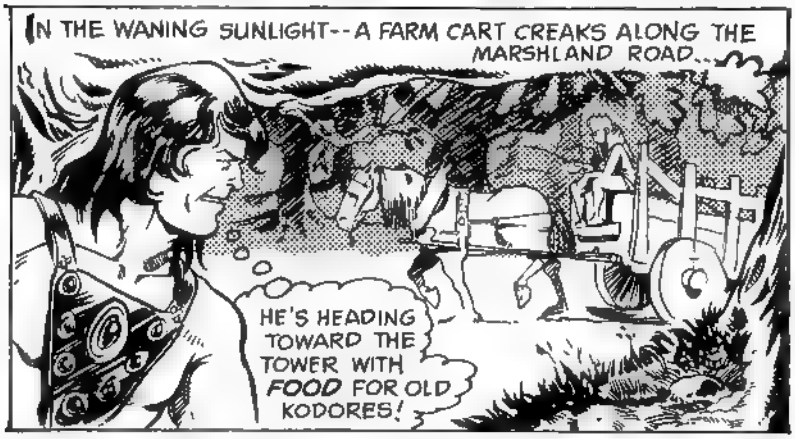
SHE TURNS, SMILES UPON KODORES AND--WALKS TOWARD HIM IN THE DOORWAY OF HIS TOWER...
I CANNOT--WATCH!

THE IRON-BARRED DOOR CLANGS SHUT LEAVING THE YOUNG WARRION ALONE WITH HIS GRIEF...
CLANG
ROSALIA--NO! COME BACK, MY ROSALIA--COME BACK!

SUDDEN ANGER STABS AWAY HIS SORROW AS...
THUD
FOUL MAGE--LET HER GO! WARLOCK!! I SHALL NOT REST UNTIL I HOLD HER I KNEW IN LIFE IN MY ARMS ONCE MORE!

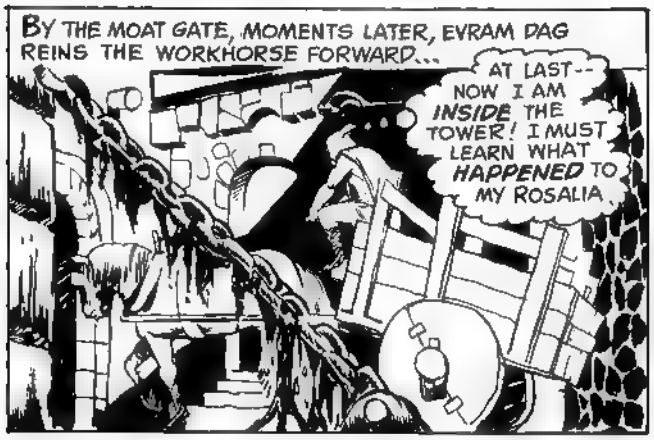
HIS SOBS REND THE AIR, AS FUTILE AS THE THRUST OF HIS AX...
I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU, OSALIA -- AND THIS I SWEAR ON THE NAME OF THORDON! I'LL STAY HERE --UNTIL I FIND A WAY TO COME AFTER YOU -- OR BRING YOU OUT OF THAT TOWER!


DAY COMES AND THE YOUNG WARRIOR FEASTS ON BERRIES AND A WILDFOWL HE HAS TRAPPED. HIS EYES LOCKED ON THE BLACK TOWER, HIS MIND CHURNS WITH THE NIGHT'S UNANSWERED QUESTIONS...
MY ROSALIA IS DEAD! AND YET, NOT IN HER GRAVE... KODORES HAS HER... AND WHY... WHY?
I WILL LEARN THE ANSWER OR DIE IN ATTEMPT!


IN THE WANING SUNLIGHT -- A FARM CART CREAKS ALONG THE MARSHLAND ROAD...
HE'S HEADING TOWARD THE TOWER WITH FOOD FOR OLD KODORES!

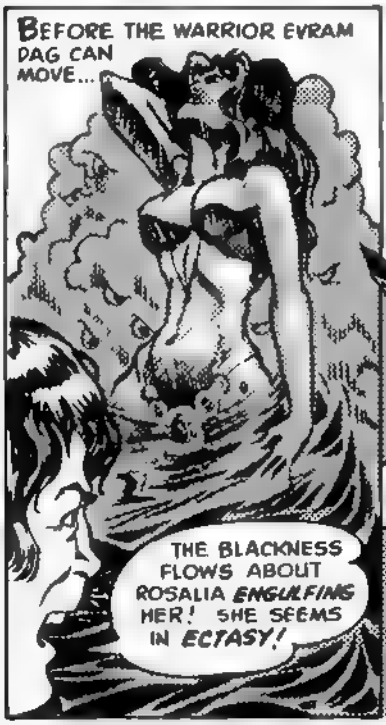
RACING FORWARD, EVRAM DAG SOON OVERTAKES THE SLOW-MOVING CART, STARTLING THE YOUNG BOY.

TAKE THIS BAG OF COINS, MY FELLOW -- AND IN EXCHANGE GIVE ME YOUR CART! YOU WILL GET IT BACK IF YOU WAIT, BUT I MUST BE THE ONE TO DELIVER THIS SUSTENANCE TO KODORES!


BY THE MOAT GATE, MOMENTS LATER, EVRAM DAG REINS THE WORKHORSE FORWARD...
AT LAST -- NOW I AM INSIDE THE TOWER! I MUST LEARN WHAT HAPPENED TO MY ROSALIA.

CAREFUL HIS WARBOOTS MAKE NO SOUND, HE CLIMBS A STONE STAIRCASE TO THE TOP OF THE TOWER...
I HEAR KODORES' VOICE SO COLD AND STRANGE -- BUT I CANNOT DISCERN HIS WORDS! THE TOWER GROWS DARK -- AS THOUGH UNSEEN SHADOWS BLOCK THE LITTLE LIGHT THERE IS!

AFFRIDIOM-- DREAD DEMON OF THE HAUNTED GULFS OF SPACE-- APPEAR! THE GIFT IS READY--YOU MUST KEEP YOUR PART OF THE BARGAIN!
ROSALIA!
HE BURSTS IN UPON KODORES' NECROMANTIC CHAMBER JUST AS THE OTHER-WORLDLY MAGE FINISHES A DEMONIAC INVOCATION...

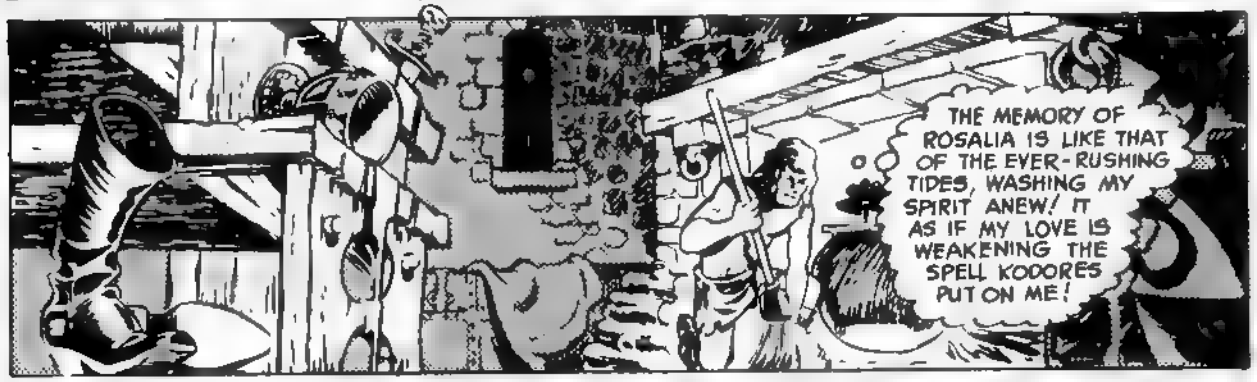

BEFORE THE WARRIOR EVRAM DAG CAN MOVE...
THE BLACKNESS FLOWS ABOUT ROSALIA ENGULFING HER! SHE SEEMS IN ECTASY!

WITH A SCREAM OF HORRIFIED RAGE, HE LEAPS...
AIEEEE! MY STEEL CUTS EMPTY AIR! THE DEMON HAS DISAPPEARED --AND WITH HIM MY LOVE!

CURSED CONJURER! THIS IS YOUR DOING! YOUR PENTAGRAM MAY KEEP OUT DEMON FLESH--BUT NOT HUMAN FLESH! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!
BACK, RASH WARRIOR!

KTHOLOS THONNOL SRICHTOME!
THE VOICE OF KODORES RINGS LIKE CLARION BELLS INSIDE EVRAM DAG'S HEAD...
ONCE AGAIN I FEEL A NUMBING WEAKNESS... O-DIZZY! MY WILL DEPARTS LIKE BREATH... I AM BECOMING A WRATH, NOT UNLIKE THE LIVING DEAD!

AND SO IT WAS THAT EVRAM DAG -- WITHOUT A WILL AND ALMOST MINDLESS -- SERVED THE MAGICIAN KODORES...
WITH HIS OWN CLOAK. HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN IN THIS UNHOLY PLACE?... EACH DAY DAWNING BRINGS ME NEW STRENGTH!


THE MEMORY OF ROSALIA IS LIKE THAT OF THE EVER-RUSHING TIDES, WASHING MY SPIRIT ANEW! IT AS IF MY LOVE IS WEAKENING THE SPELL KODORES PUT ON ME!

UNTIL ONE NIGHT...
MY ELIXIRS MUST BE RENEWED. IT WOULD NOT DO TO LET THEM GROW WEAK -- FOR FEAR AFFRIDIOM MIGHT TIRE OF HIS BARGAIN! I SHALL RENEW THE MAGIC PROTECTING MY PENTAGRAM -- LET THE DEMON BE INSPIRED TO TRY AND ATTACK ME.

AFFRIDIOM HAS REVEALED THE ARCANE SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE ENABLING ME TO SEE DISTANT CONTINENTS -- INDEED, DISTANT PLANETS AS WELL! BUT I AM NOT DONE WITH LEARNING. I MUST KEEP UP MY WISDOM -- INCREASE IT! -- AND ONLY AFFRIDIOM POSSESSES THE POWERS THAT LET ME DO THIS!
WITH NIGHT, KODORES SEEKS HIS SLEEPING QUARTERS. EVRAM DAG IS ALONE IN THE NECROMANTIC CHAMBER...
IF I EMPTIED THESE POTIONS SUBSTITUTING WATER SOLUTIONS IN THEIR PLACES -- I WOULD SO WEAKEN THE PROTECTIVE LINES OF THE PENTAGRAM THAT -- AFFRIDIOM MIGHT BREAK THROUGH AND SLAY HIM!
ALL THAT NIGHT THE YOUTH WORKS UNTIRINGLY, FOR HIS IS A LABOR OF LOVE...
IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO REFILL THESE VIALS WITH A HARMLESS MIXTURE. THEN WHEN KODORES SUMMONS THE DEMON, IT WILL BE PREPARED!

THE NEXT DAY SEEMS ENDLESS TO THE ANXIOUS EVRAM DAG. WOULD KODORES DISCOVER THE TRICK? WOULD THE DEMON SLAY THE WARLOCK?...
YOU SEEM NERVOUS, BOY!
NO, KODORES! I AM NOT NERVOUS! ONLY THAT THESE CHAMBERS ARE COLD...

THE SUN SETS AND DARKNESS FLOODS THE WORLD AS...
HE SUSPECTS *NOTHING!* HE NEVER WENT NEAR HIS MAGIC CHAMBER. NOW HE WILL SUMMON AFFRIDIOM! NOW MY TIME IS COME!

AS THE DREAD FORM OF AFFRIDIOM TAKES SHAPE...
APPEAR, GREAT AFFRI—*OHHH!*
YOUR SPELL IS *OVER,* KODORES!
THUD

AFFRIDIOM -- *GIVE* ME *BACK* MY BELOVED! MY ROSALIA!
AND TAKE THIS *MAGICIAN* IN HER PLACE!

THE YOUNG WARRIOR MAKES AN IMPASSIONED PLEA-- BUT WILL THE GREAT LORD OF THE NETHER WORLDS HEED IT?
LONG HAVE I *HATED* THIS MAN WHO HELD ME IN HIS POWER! IT IS A BARGAIN, WARRIOR! I SHALL TAKE KODORES BACK TO MY OWN WORLD...
YOU HATE *KODORES* -- BECAUSE HE COMPELS YOU TO SERVE HIM! *TAKE* HIM-- *PUNISH* HIM FOR HIS WICKEDNESS, FOR HIS ARROGANCE AGAINST YOU, DREAD DEMON!
THE BLACKNESS FLOWS FORWARD, AND NOW THE PENTAGRAM IS NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO STAY HIS COMING...

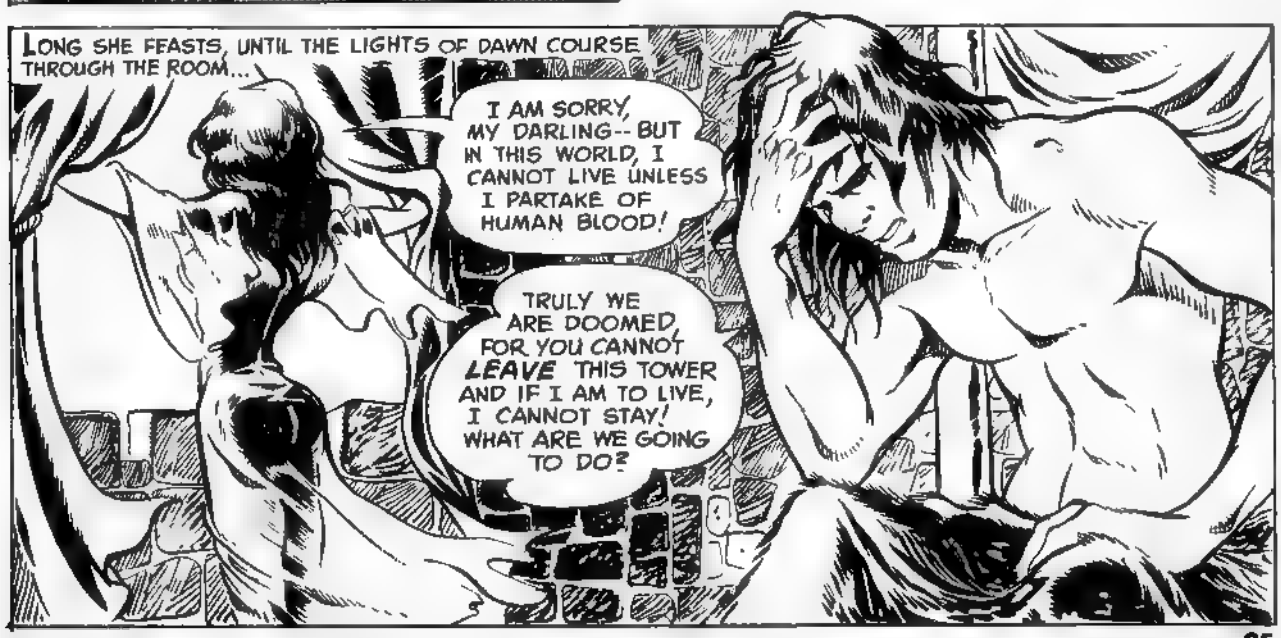
NEXT MOMENT...
ROSALIA! YOU HAVE RETURNED TO ME!

BUT A SHADOW OF TERROR STAINS ROSALIA'S FACE AS SHE RESISTS HER LOVER, STRUGGLING WITH HIM, HER VOICE A CHILLING WHISPER...
DARLING, WE WILL BE TOGETHER ALWAYS!
NO! WAIT! THERE IS SOMETHING YOU MUST KNOW! I HAVE CHANGED SINCE I LAST SAW YOU! I HAVE DWELT IN THE LANDS WHERE AFFRIDIOM IS LORD. I LIVE, YES-- BUT I CAN ONLY STAY ALIVE INSIDE THIS TOWER! I CAN NEVER LEAVE IT!

DO NOT WORRY, MY LOVE, WE WILL LIVE IN THE TOWER FOREVER. I HAVE NO FEAR. KODORE IS DEPARTED AND WE HAVE EACH OTHER! WHAT MORE NEED WE THAN EACH OTHER, TOGETHER AGAIN, RESISTING THE SPECTRE OF DEATH?

BUT--IN THE WANING HOURS OF THE NIGHT...
I DON'T WANT TO DO IT-- BUT I CANNOT STOP... I CANNOT HELP MYSELF! I MUST DRINK OF MY BELOVED, HIS BLOOD AWAITS WITHIN THAT HANDSOME FRAME.

AAAAAGHHHH!! ROSALIA -- NO! STOP IT!!


LONG SHE FEASTS, UNTIL THE LIGHTS OF DAWN COURSE THROUGH THE ROOM...
I AM SORRY, MY DARLING-- BUT IN THIS WORLD, I CANNOT LIVE UNLESS I PARTAKE OF HUMAN BLOOD!
TRULY WE ARE DOOMED, FOR YOU CANNOT LEAVE THIS TOWER AND IF I AM TO LIVE, I CANNOT STAY! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

THE YOUNG WARRIOR LEADS THE WAY TO THE NECROMANTIC TOWER ROOM, WHERE...

MY ONLY HOPE IS TO SUMMON FORTH AFFRIDIOM!

HOW CAN *HE* HELP? I CAN LIVE IN *HIS* WORLD WITH BLOOD-DRINKING -- BUT WE WOULD BE *SEPARATED* FOREVER!

WITH QUAVERING VOICE AND MUCH STUMBLING OVER THE UNFAMILIAR WORDS, EVRAM DAG MANAGES TO COMPLETE THE SPELL THAT CALLS UPON THE DEMON....

WELL? WHAT IS IT *NOW?*

TAKE US INTO YOUR WORLD, GREAT DEMON! THERE, WE CAN BE *TOGETHER* -- ALWAYS... TO THE END OF TIME ITSELF!

PITY MORTALS CAUGHT IN THE EMBRACE OF LOVE, AFFRIDIOM WILL AFFORD THEM NO WARNING. THEY THINK TO SUSTAIN THEIR LOVE FOREVER IN MY KINGDOM BUT THE TRUTH WILL OUT SURELY AS DARKNESS DISPELS THE DAY!

THAT WHICH IS AFFRIDIOM FLOWS FORWARD AND GATHERS UNTO ITS BLACKNESS THE FORMS OF THE TWO LOVERS...

AS EVRAM DAG SOON DISCOVERS -- NO *LIVING* MAN MAY DWELL IN THE DEMON WORLDS, UNLESS HE DRINK THE BLOOD THAT GIVES LIFE!...

DISTANCE MAKES THE FANGS GROW FONDER! THAT OUGHT TO TEACH ROSALIA IT'S NOT WHAT YOU EAT THAT MAKES YOUR HEART BURN, BUT RATHER, WHAT'S EATING YOU!

The END

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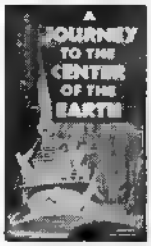

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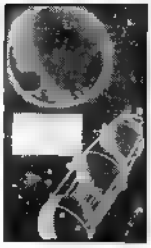

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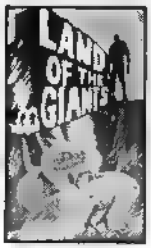
Read if you dare these frightening world of nightmares, where that scratching in the wall, that suffocation of the heart, that scream torn from the lungs take on forms and shapes!
No. 2159 ... 75¢

LAND of THE GIANTS #1



The grass was six feet high and insects the size of dogs. Men and women were 70 foot giants! Based on the exciting TV Series.
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LAND of the GIANTS #2 The HOT SPOT

Based on the popular TV series! A tropical paradise turns out to be a terror-racked hell, with mammoth insects and terrifying giant natives.
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Spooks, demons and other creatures of phantasmagorie hover over each eerie page of this new, spine tingling collection. Full of supernatural mystery that will both thrill and scare you!
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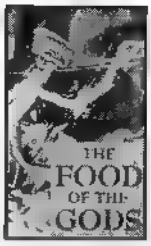

Stirs the imagination! What starts off as an experiment soon gets out of hand creating gigantic men, insects and monsters in a world which had no place for them!!!
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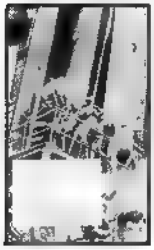
In THE DAYS OF THE COMET



To awaken . . . changed! Something has happened to human beings all over the world. Makes you wonder and ask yourself, "What if it really happened today!"
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Ten weird terror-stricken tales. If you like inhuman stories, it's just the thing to turn the blood in your veins to ice water. Only the brave and the strong dare this one!
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Seven of Lovecraft's masterpieces of horror! Widely acclaimed as surpassing even the great Poe. Full of ancient evils biding their time to break loose again into your world and others.
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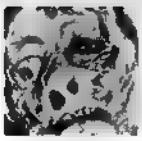
You asked for it! The companion film to "I was a teenage Frankenstein! Teenage boy turns to horrifying Werewolf who menaces the high school students. Exciting, terrifying film. Only $6.95

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN

WHO COMES OUT ON TOP . . . Frankenstein or Wolfman? We won't give it away, but here is a 2-Monster Movie that doubles your fun as you watch the world's earliest adversaries fight it out for the world's Monster Championship Full of thrills and chills for Monster Movie collectors 8mm, 160 feet, $6.95



I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN

A MAD DOCTOR sets out to create the most fearsome monster ever born He winds up with a TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN combining a boy's body, a monster's mind, a creature's soul Does the doctor live to regret his fiendish accomplishment? This gruesome movie, a real thriller, gives you the answer. 8mm, 200 feet, $6.95

REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN

SUPERNATURAL TECHNICOLOR!

FRANKENSTEIN GETS EVEN and his "revenge" makes this the scariest monster movie ever made. The Stalker Walker gives an unforgettable performance The dark, dank mood of this film is not for the lighthearted Full of fight and might, it is just right for your Monster Film collection. (Available in both black & white or in supernatural Technicolor) This 8mm film is a full 200 feet Black & White, $6.95, Technicolor, $14.95.

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FEARFUL FRANKENSTEIN monster Boris Karloff wants to marry Elsa Lanchester Nothing stops this gruesome two-some . . -. not even the fact she is 7 feet tall, is wrapped in gharish gauze . . . and has ragged stitches around her neck A classic film every collector should own! 8mm, 160 feet, $6.95

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In a nightmare of stark terror and violence the revived Monster threatens death and destruction to a panic-stricken community. Only $6.95

KARLOFF IN THE MUMMY

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris Karloff could be so horror-able as the original MUMMY! Back in 1932 he let the Hollywood studio "torture" him for hours, wrapping rotting gauze, spraying chemicals, baking it all with clay No wonder Karloff was so wonderful as THE MUMMY . . . he felt so horrible he took it out on the film's victims. You'll feel just grand, though, as you watch his eerie performance. 8mm, 160 feet. $6.95

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DON'T EVER sneak into a Mummy's Tomb If you do, you may be in for the same revenge as in this movie. A centuries-old mummy starts out to avenge the opening of his crypt in Egypt How he does his dirty work, and the chills involved, make THE MUMMY'S TOMB a far-from-dreary, excitingly eerie film. 8mm, 200 feet, $6.95

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CAN THE GRAVE OPEN UP and give forth its ghostly, ghastly secrets. It sure can, and in THE UNDEAD horror screams from the grave. In the dead of night an evil curse starts a chain of events You'll sit on the edge of your chair as you walk with THE UNDEAD. 8mm, 200 feet, $6.95

THE BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS

WHAT HAPPENS when stark, staring madness takes over in a famous concert pianist's home? Who is the Beast with 5 Fingers? Peter Lorre stalks through this horror movie at his dramatic best As scene after terror scene unfolds, you sit on the edge of your chair in absolute suspense. This famous film is now available for the collector. Order today. 8mm, 200 feet, $6.95

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I AM DEAD, EGYPT, DEAD

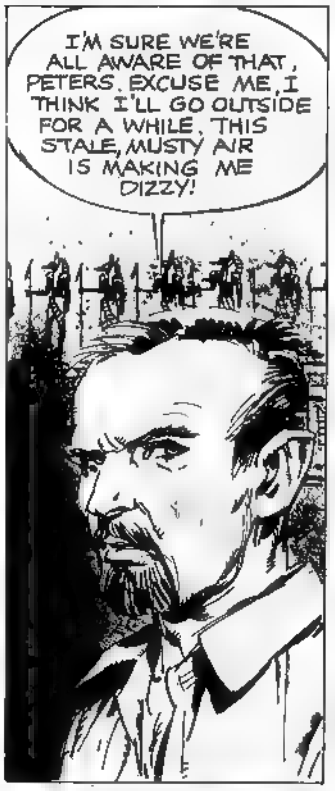
SEEMINGLY ENDLESS MONTHS OF TRIAL-AND-ERROR SEARCH OVER THE SCORCHING SANDS OF THE ENIGMATIC SAHARA DESERT ARE FINALLY RENDERED FRUITFUL. THE DISCOVERY OF A TOMB OF THIS SIZE AND WEALTH IS AN EVENT WHICH RARELY OCCURS DURING THE LIFETIME OF AN ARCHEOLOGIST. YES, JAMES PETERS, RAYMOND WILKINS, AND DIANA TRAVIS HAVE MORE THAN AMPLE CAUSE FOR REJOICING...

ART BY VICTOR FUENTE/STORY BY DOUGLAS MOENCH

IT'LL TAKE AGES JUST TO CATALOGUE ALL THESE RELICS! GO TELL THE GUIDES WE WONT NEED THEM!
RIGHT! OUR TENTS ARE PITCHED AND WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF SUPPLIES TO LAST!

FOR AN ARCHEOLOGIST, HEAVEN IS THE ADVENT OF A NEW AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY...
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. THESE ARTIFACTS DEFINITELY VERIFY THAT THIS TOMB DATES BACK TO THE RE GN OF KING RAMESES!
DO YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBE THAT...

...THAT THIS IS THE TOMB OF RAMESES HIMSELF? NO, I DOUBT IT, DIANA.
THAT STILL DOESN'T LESSEN IT'S IMPORTANCE THOUGH! WE'VE BEEN BLASTED LUCKY TO FIND ANY TOMB AT ALL! ESPECIALLY ONE THAT HASN'T BEEN PREVIOUSLY DISCOVERED BY LOOTERS!


I'M SURE WE'RE ALL AWARE OF THAT, PETERS. EXCUSE ME, I THINK I'LL GO OUTSIDE FOR A WHILE. THIS STALE, MUSTY AIR IS MAKING ME DIZZY!

IT'S A PITY THE MUSEUM FINANCED THIS EXPEDITION...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JIM?

GREED TINGES PETER'S EXPRESSION AS HE REPLIES TO THE GIRL...

I MEAN, DIANA, THAT IF WE HAD FINANCED THIS EXPEDITION **OURSELVES** WE'D NOW BE RICH BEYOND OUR WILDEST IMAGININGS!

OF COURSE, IF THE MUSEUM DIDN'T **HEAR** ABOUT THIS FIND...

BUT **RAY** WILL TELL THEM! HE ALWAYS DOES... NEVER EVEN KEEPS SO MUCH AS A **TRINKET** FOR HIMSELF AS A **SOUVENEIR!**

WILKINS COULD BE, AH.. **DONE AWAY WITH...** DISCREETLY, OF COURSE, HE **COULD** WANDER OFF INTO THE DESERT AND GET "LOST", COULDN'T HE?

HMM...THAT **WOULD** SOLVE THE PROBLEM ...AND REDUCE THE SPLIT OF THE TREASURE DOWN TO TWO INSTEAD OF THREE! BUT, I DON'T KNOW... **MURDER**, I MEAN, I'VE NEVER...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, DIANA. THE NATIVE DIGGERS ARE GONE... NO WITNESSES! AND BESIDES, I'LL HANDLE EVERYTHING... ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PLAY A SIMPLE PART IN A **PLAN** I HAVE...

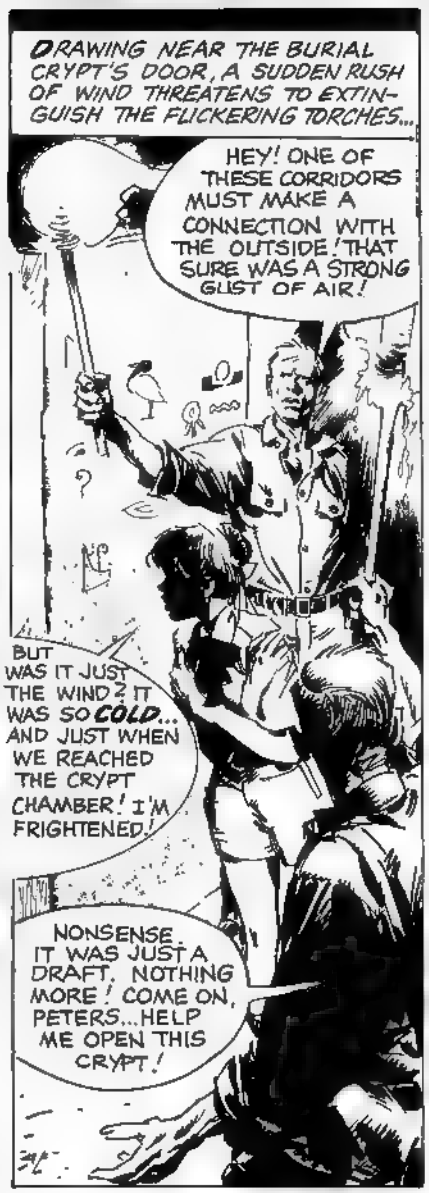
DAWN FINDS RAYMOND WILKINS SOMEWHAT REFRESHED AND EAGER TO BEGIN HIS WORK. WITHIN THE TOMB, UNAWARE THAT PETERS IS EAGER TO BEGIN WORK OF A RADICALLY **DIFFERENT** NATURE...

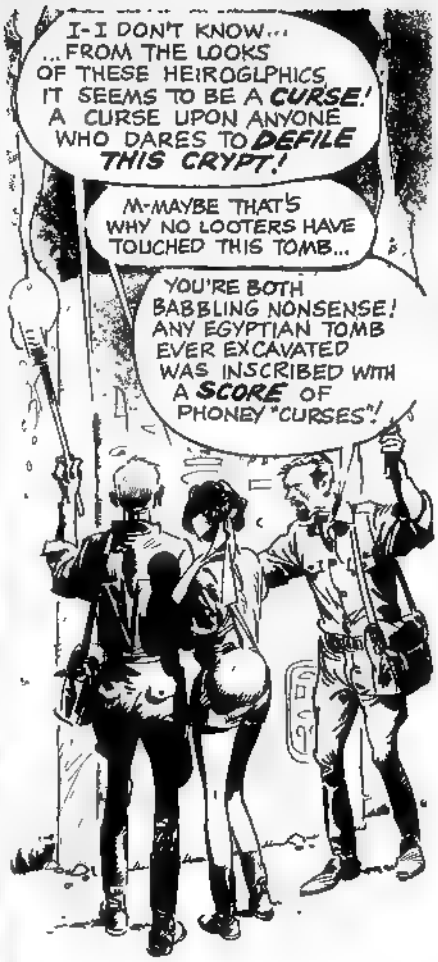
Y'KNOW, THERE ARE PROBABLY CHAMBERS IN THAT TOMB WE HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN YET! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET A GOOD LOOK AT SOME OF THAT STUFF! HOW 'BOUT YOU, PETERS?

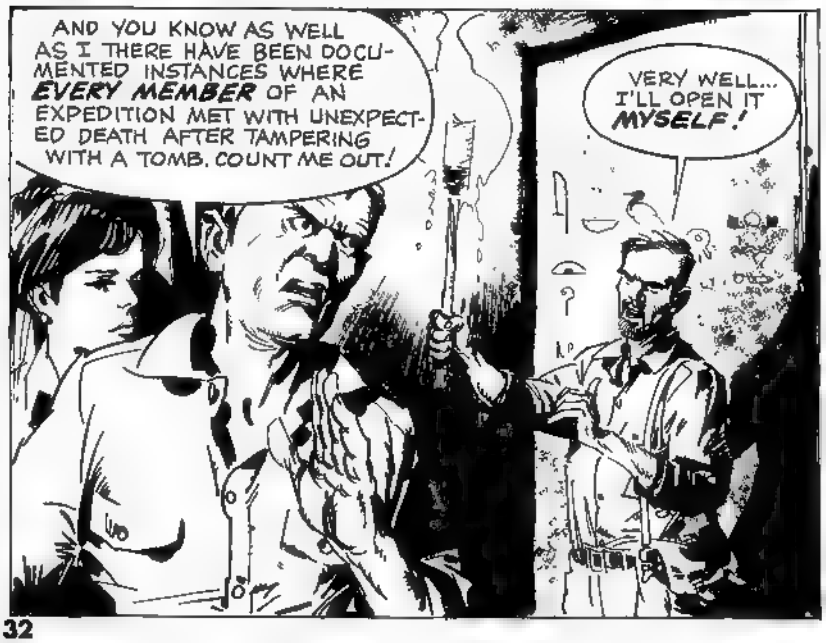
RIGHT! I CAN'T WAIT!

CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU **DEAD**, YOU FOOL!

ANXIOUS TO EXAMINE THE UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF THE TOMB, THEY FIND...
THE BURIAL CHAMBER! IT MUST BE!
OH, DO YOU THINK IT REALLY IS, RAY?
YES, I THINK PETERS IS RIGHT, DIANA!


DRAWING NEAR THE BURIAL CRYPT'S DOOR, A SUDDEN RUSH OF WIND THREATENS TO EXTINGUISH THE FLICKERING TORCHES...
HEY! ONE OF THESE CORRIDORS MUST MAKE A CONNECTION WITH THE OUTSIDE! THAT SURE WAS A STRONG GUST OF AIR!
BUT WAS IT JUST THE WIND? IT WAS SO COLD... AND JUST WHEN WE REACHED THE CRYPT CHAMBER! I'M FRIGHTENED!
NONSENSE. IT WAS JUST A DRAFT. NOTHING MORE! COME ON, PETERS...HELP ME OPEN THIS CRYPT!


I-I DON'T KNOW... ...FROM THE LOOKS OF THESE HEIROGLPHICS, IT SEEMS TO BE A CURSE! A CURSE UPON ANYONE WHO DARES TO DEFILE THIS CRYPT!
M-MAYBE THAT'S WHY NO LOOTERS HAVE TOUCHED THIS TOMB...
YOU'RE BOTH BABBLING NONSENSE! ANY EGYPTIAN TOMB EVER EXCAVATED WAS INSCRIBED WITH A SCORE OF PHONEY "CURSES"!

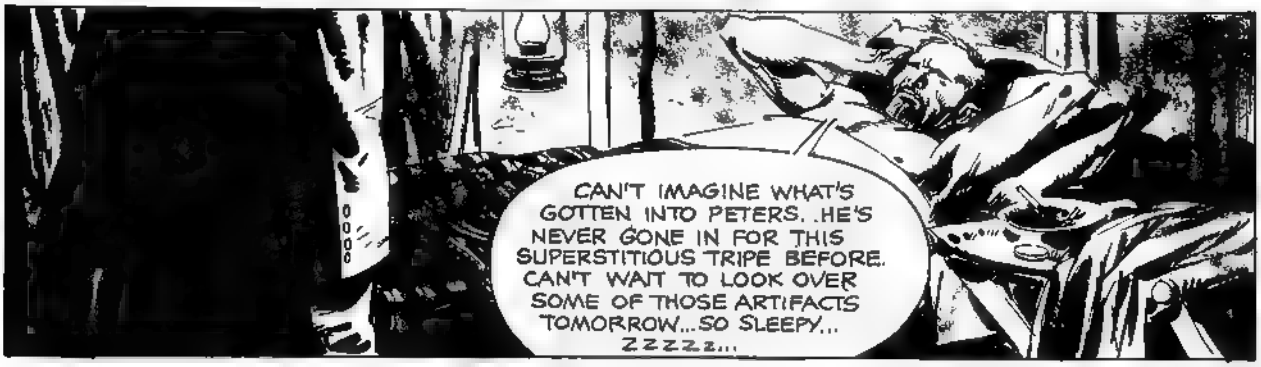

AND YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I THERE HAVE BEEN DOCUMENTED INSTANCES WHERE EVERY MEMBER OF AN EXPEDITION MET WITH UNEXPECTED DEATH AFTER TAMPERING WITH A TOMB. COUNT ME OUT!
VERY WELL... I'LL OPEN IT MYSELF!

AND, AS WILKINS BEGINS TO PRY OPEN THE CRYPT DOOR, PETERS AND DIANA EXCHANGE KNOWING WINKS OF CONSPIRACY BEHIND HIS BACK...
I-IT'S GIVING... UHH...

THERE! I DID IT! AND JUST LOOK AT WHAT'S INSIDE!

GOOD LORD! THIS IS THE TOMB OF RAMESES!

SHORTLY AFTER NIGHTFALL, PETERS AND DIANA APPROACH WILKINS WITH SOME DISCONCERTING NEWS...
WILKINS, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW... I'VE COMPLETELY DECIPHERED THOSE HEIROGLYPHICS...THEY WARN THAT RAMESES...THE MUMMY SHALL RISE FROM THE DEAD IF HIS TOMB IS DEFILED AND WRECK VENGEANCE ON ANYONE WHO DISTURBS HIS ETERNAL REST!
LOOK, ARE YOU STILL HARPING ABOUT THAT? I'VE GOT TO GET SOME REST! THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK TO DO IN THE MORNING!


CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO PETERS. HE'S NEVER GONE IN FOR THIS SUPERSTITIOUS TRIPE BEFORE. CAN'T WAIT TO LOOK OVER SOME OF THOSE ARTIFACTS TOMORROW...SO SLEEPY... ZZZZZ...

THEN, AS THE SHADOW OF A SLOW BUT RELENTLESSLY TREADING FIGURE IS CAST UPON THE SIDE OF HIS TENT, SOMETHING... PERHAPS AN INEXPLICABLE **SIXTH SENSE**... GRIPS WILKINS AND CAUSES HIM TO STIR RESTLESSLY IN HIS SLEEP...

...WILKINS AWAKENS.. ONLY TO SEE, LOOMING OMINOUSLY BEFORE HIM, THE GAUZE-WRAPPED FORM OF...

A **MUMMY!** N-NO, IT'S NOT **POSSIBLE!**

IT'S A **JOKE**, RIGHT? Y-YOU'RE **PETERS** DRESSED UP AS A MUMMY FOR A J-JOKE, RIGHT? **HAHAHAHA!**

WITH EACH SHUFFLING STEP FORWARD, WILKIN'S HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER BECOMES INCREASINGLY MORE FRANTIC...

Y-YES... **HAHA**, IT'S FUNNY, A **RIOT**, PETERS! BUT YOU CAN STOP NOW... STOP, PETERS, **STOP!** MIGOD, **STOP IT! SAY** SOMETHING, PETERS!

...UNTIL FINALLY, WITH A LAST HORRIBLY GURGLED SHRIEK, HE CRUMPLES LIFELESSLY TO THE GROUND, SEEMINGLY A VICTIM OF HIS OWN FEAR...

I HEARD THE SCREAM. HE'S DEAD THEN, ISN'T HE?
I DON'T KNOW I NEVER EVEN TOUCHED HIM!

NO HEARTBEAT, JIM. THE SHOCK COMBINED WITH FRIGHT MUST HAVE CAUSED A HEART ATTACK!

I TOLD YOU MY PLAN WOULD WORK! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WRAP HIM UP IN THIS GAUSE AND LEAVE HIM IN THE TOMB WITH THE REST OF THE MUMMIES! HA HA!

AFTER HAVING WRAPPED WILKINS AND DEPOSITED HIM IN ONE OF THE MUMMY CASKETS, DIANA TRAVIS AND JAMES PETERS RETURN TO THE TOMBS MAIN TREASURE CACHE TO RE-EXAMINE THEIR WEALTH...
THIS STUFF'LL GO A LONG WAY, DIVIDED BETWEEN ONLY THE TWO OF US! AND NOW GOOD BODY MR. RAYMOND WILKINS CAN'T TURN US IN!

I CAN'T WAIT TO START SPENDING THE MONEY THIS WILL BRING! FAST CARS, GOOD WINE, SUN-BATHING IN RIO, EVERYTHING I'VE EVER WANTED!

SO ENGROSSED IS PETERS IN THOUGHTS OF HIS PROSPECTIVE WEALTH THAT HE DOES NOT EVEN NOTICE THE SHAMBLING FIGURE WHICH APPROACHES WITH SLOWLY OMINOUS FOOTSTEPS, UNTIL...

JUST THINK, DIANA WE'LL BE RI... NO! A MUMMY WALKING! NO! CAN'T BE... I'M GOING TO RIO... I'LL BE RICH... THIS CAN'T HAPPEN!

PETER'S LIFE IS STRANGLED MERCILESSLY FROM HIM! THEN, WITH A CARELESS GESTURE, HIS GAUSE-BOUND MURDERER CASTS HIS BODY ASIDE...

AT FIRST THE WATER SOOTHES THROATS PARCHED BY EXCITEMENT EXERTION... THEN, ABRUPTLY, SOMETHING SEARS THEM, CHOKES THEM...

AND WHETHER VICTIMS OF THEIR OWN GREED OR THE HAND OF THE SUPERNATURAL, THE TWIN DEATHS OF WILKINS AND DIANA FULFILL THE TERRIBLE VENGEANCE PROMISED FOR ALL WHO DARE TO DEFILE THE TOMB OF RAMESES!

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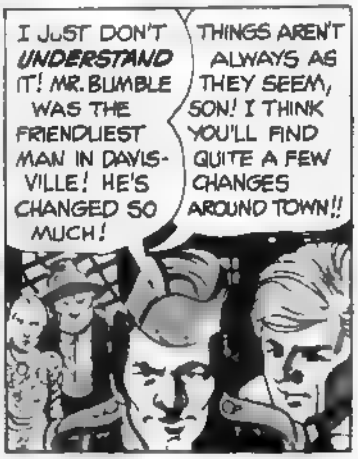
ART BY JERRY GRANDENETTI/STORY BY BILL DUBAY

THE OLD TOWN STILL LOOKS THE SAME! NOTHING'S CHANGED!
YOU'D BE SURPRISED, WILLY! THERE ARE MORE CHANGES THAN YOU'D IMAGINE!
HEY LOOK! THERE'S OLD MR. BUMBLE'S HARDWARE STORE!
I CAN STILL REMEMBER WHAT A GREAT GUY HE WAS TO WORK FOR. ALWAYS HAD A KIND WORD FOR EVERYONE!

MR. BUMBLE....IT'S ME! WILLIE COBB!
HARUMPH!

DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME, MR. BUMBLE? ME AND GEORGIE, YOUR BOY, GREW UP TOGETHER! I USED TO WORK FOR YOU AS A KID!
I REMEMBER YA! NOW UNLESS YOU'RE GONNA BE TRADIN' HERE, YOU'D BEST BE ON YOUR WAY!

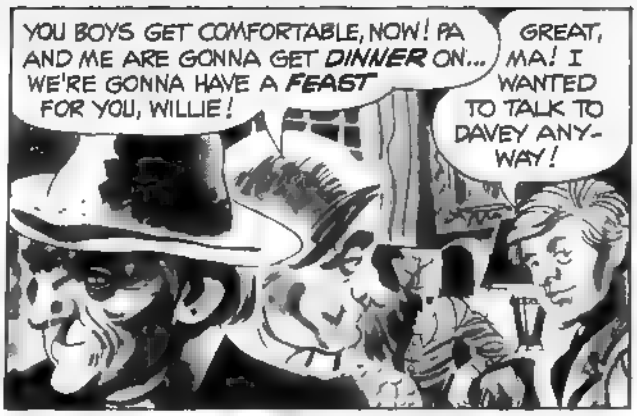
B-BUT.... MR. BUMBLE...
C'MON, WILLIE! LET'S GO!


I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! MR. BUMBLE WAS THE FRIENDLIEST MAN IN DAVISVILLE! HE'S CHANGED SO MUCH!
THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS AS THEY SEEM, SON! I THINK YOU'LL FIND QUITE A FEW CHANGES AROUND TOWN!!

ISN'T THAT, MRS. KAPP, THE OLD SCHOOL MARM? HEY, MRS. KAPP!
IT'S ME...WILLIE COBB...THE KID WHO USED TO BRING YOU THE WORMIEST APPLES IN OUR ORCHARD!

W...WHAT'D I SAY? WHY DID SHE ACT LIKE THAT?
FORGET IT, SON! C'MON, LET'S GO HOME!

AH, IT'S BEAUTIFUL, MOM! I'VE BEEN AROUND THE WORLD, AND SEEN MANY BEAUTIFUL SIGHTS....BUT THIS IS THE PRETTIEST OF ALL.... HOME!!
JUST THE WAY I REMEMBER IT!



THERE'S A STRANGE UNDERCURRENT OF TENSION IN THIS TOWN!

I FELT IT WITH MR. BUMBLE, MRS. KAPP AND EVEN WITH MOM AND DAD!!

THEY SEEM TO BE HIDING SOMETHING! EVERYONE SEEMS TO FEAR SOMETHING HERE! WHAT IS IT??

WILLIE...YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH ANYWAY, SO I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU NOW...

EVERYONE IS SCARED HERE! FOR THE PAST FEW MONTHS THE WHOLE TOWN HAS BEEN IN A PANIC!

EEEEEEEEE

IT BEGAN WITH GEORGIE BUMBLE, THE STOREKEEPER'S SON! SOME KIDS FOUND HIS BODY DOWN BY THE MILL POND! IT HAD BEEN TORN TO PIECES BY SOME WILD ANIMAL!

YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW IT SET PEOPLE OFF WHEN WORD GOT OUT ABOUT GEORGIE! NOBODY HAD EVER BEEN ATTACKED BY A WILD ANIMAL IN THESE PARTS BEFORE! BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL ABOUT A WEEK AFTER THAT THAT FOLKS REALLY WORRIED! OLD MR. KAPP, THE SCHOOL MARM'S HUSBAND WAS OUT BY HIS SHED CHOPPING WOOD! HIS WIFE HEARD A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM AND CAME A-RUNNIN' JUST IN TIME TO SEE A LARGE WOLF STANDING OVER HER HUSBAND'S BODY!
YAAAAY!
GGRROOOOOWL

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
SHE BARRED HERSELF IN THE HOUSE UNTIL THE WOLF-THING WAS GONE AND DIDN'T COME OUT UNTIL A COUPLE OF NEIGHBORS STUMBLED ON HER OLD MAN'S BODY!

SINCE THEN, THERE HAVE BEEN FOUR MORE DEATHS! AND PEOPLE IN THESE PARTS HAVE BEEN GETTIN' JUMPIER AND MORE PANICKED BY THE DAY. JUST NOBODY COMES OUT OF THEIR HOMES ANYMORE, UNLESS IT'S FOR FOOD OR RATIONS! AND THOSE SHOPS THAT ARE OPEN, AND THOSE FOLKS THAT DO WORK, JUST WANT YOU TO GET ON WITH THEIR BUSINESS AND LEAVE THEM BE!
SO THAT'S WHY EVERYONE IN TOWN ACTED THE WAY THEY DID! AND WHY MOM AND DAD HAVE THIS PLACE ALL SHUTTERED UP!
Y'KNOW, DAVIE, THIS IS ALMOST EXACTLY LIKE SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED WHILE I WAS IN THE ORIENT!
THEY FOUND A COUPLE OF DEAD LABORERS TWISTED AND MANGLED BY SOME SORTA WILD BEAST! NOBODY PAID MUCH ATTENTION AT FIRST, CAUSE OVER THERE, SOMEBODY WAS ALWAYS GETTIN' MANGLED!

EEEEEEEEEE
GRRROOOWWL!
PEOPLE RUSHED TO THE OFF-STREET IN TIME TO CORNER A GIGANTIC MAN-LEOPARD! IT WAS STANDING OVER THE BODY OF A CHILD!
THEN CAME ONE NIGHT WITH A FULL MOON! IT WAS A BRIGHT NIGHT, SO THERE WERE MANY PEOPLE ON THE STREETS OF THE VILLAGE OF SHAM-PEI! FROM AN ALLEY-WAY, A GIRL SCREAMED...
ENRAGED, THE VILLAGERS SWARMED THE BRUTE! IN A FLURRY OF FIST, TEETH, FANG AND CLAW, THE LEOPARD-MAN MANAGED TO BRING DOWN SIX MEN....
THUD! CRASH! GROOOOWL!
-BEFORE ESCAPING INTO THE NIGHT!
GRRRR!
D-DID THEY EVER CATCH UP WITH, AND KILL HIM?
NOT AS FAR AS I KNOW! HEARD TELL THEY'RE PRETTY HARD TO KILL ANYWAY!
WELL, I HOPE YOU TWO HAVE BEEN ENJOYING EACH OTHER'S CONVERSATION! C'MON, AN' EAT NOW, SUPPER'S ON THE TABLE! FIXED YOUR FAVORITE, WILLIE....FRIED CHICKEN!
SOUNDS GREAT, MOM! BUT CHICKEN'S NOT MY FAVORITE DISH ANYMORE!.. MY TASTES CHANGED DRASTICALLY WHILE I WAS IN CHINA!

GREAT DINNER, MA! JUST LIKE OLD TIMES! I SURE *MISSED* YOUR COOK.N'! MISSED SITTIN' ON THE PORCH AFTER DINNER, TOO! IT'S BEAUTIFUL OUT HERE, WITH THE FULL MOON COMIN' UP!

ME TOO, BIG BROTHER! 'NITE, MA! PA!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, DAVEY BOY... BUT IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY FOR *ME!* I THINK I'LL HIT THE SACK!

'NIGHT, BOYS!

NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE, BIG BROTHER, I'VE GOT SOMETH.NG TO *SHOW* YOU....

CLICK!

D-DAVEY—WHAT'S HAPPENING? YOU'RE CHANGING!!

THAT'S RIGHT, WILLIE! I KNEW I COULDN'T *HIDE* IT ONCE YOU GOT HOME!

I'M THE WEREWOLF... AND YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON WHO *KNOWS!*

RRROOWWL!

I'VE GOT A LITTLE SUR-PRISE OF MY OWN, DAVEY!

THAT LITTLE STORY I..

..TOLD YOU ABOUT...

CHINA'S *LEOPARD MAN*.....

..THAT WAS A STORY ABOUT ME!!

GRRR RRR

Looks like the two boys were CLOSER than most brothers after all! Davey got so close to Willie, that they found him playing marbles with CATSEYES the next morning! Boy, was he in the DOG HOUSE after that!!
GNASH!
BAM!
CRAASH!
RRROOOWL!
GRRRRRRRR!
PSSSSST!
THUD!
SLAASH!
LISTEN TO THAT RUCKUS, PAW! THE BOYS MUST BE HAVING THEIR FIRST LITTLE SPAT!
AIN'T THAT JUST LIKE THEM, MA! THEY ALWAYS DID FIGHT LIKE— CATS AND DOGS!!
The End

HERE'S WHERE WE GRAB YOU BY THE EERIE EERIE BACK ISSUES!

SERIOUSLY, GANG... THESE BOOKS WILL BECOME AS VALUABLE AS HADES IN MONTHS TO COME!

SO MAIL IN THAT COUPON AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE *NOW!*

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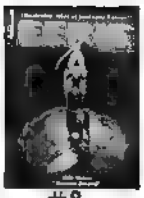
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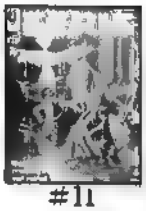
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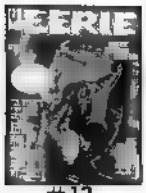
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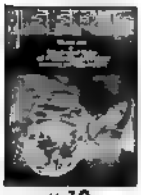
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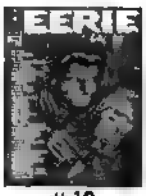
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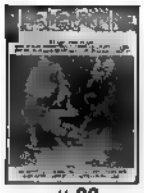
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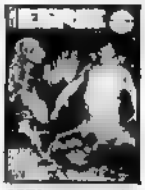
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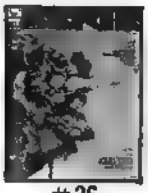
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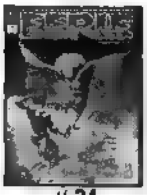
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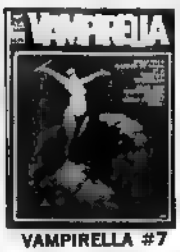
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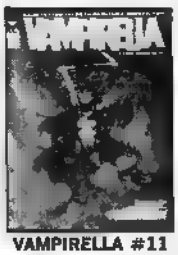
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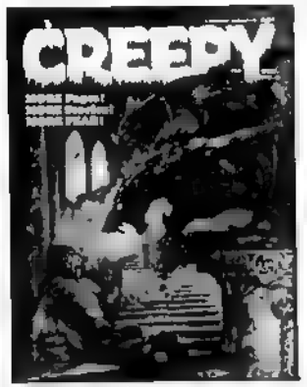

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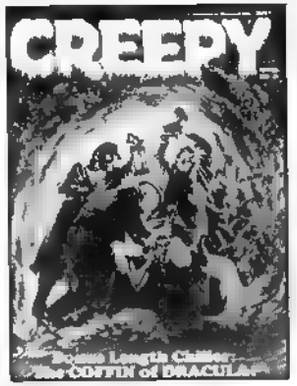

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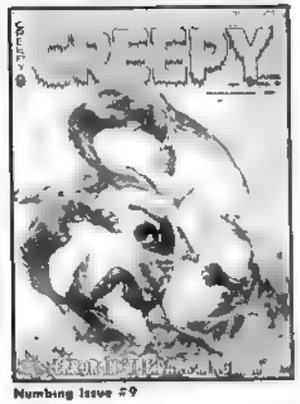

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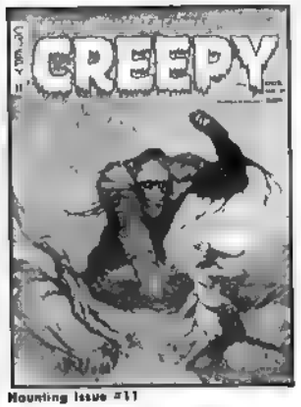

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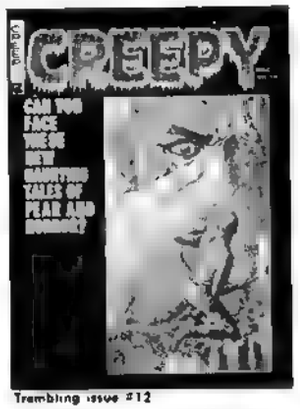

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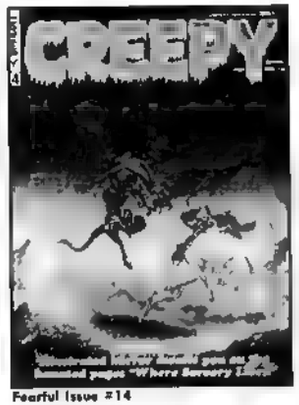

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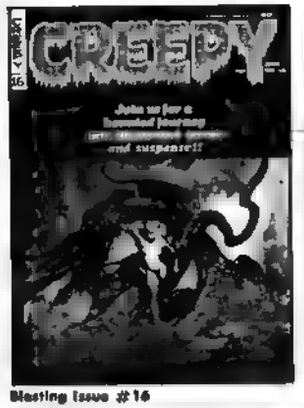

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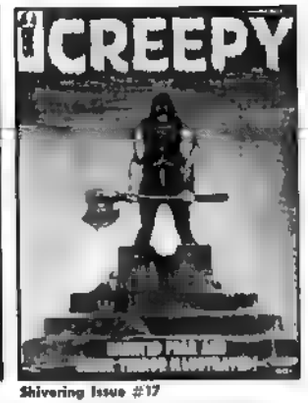

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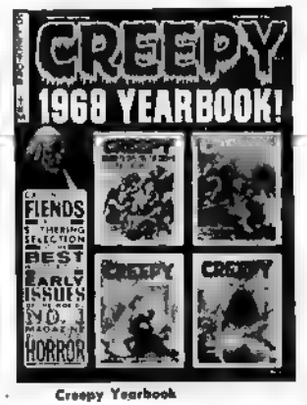

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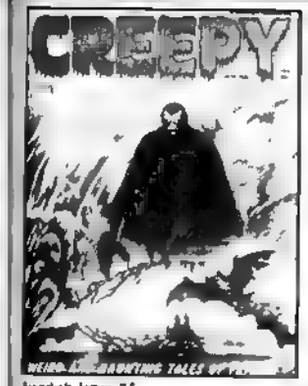

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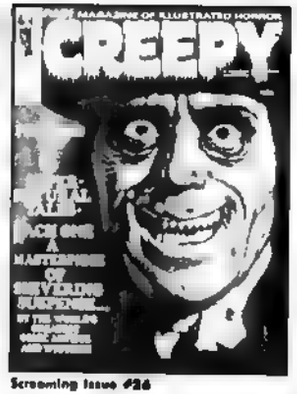

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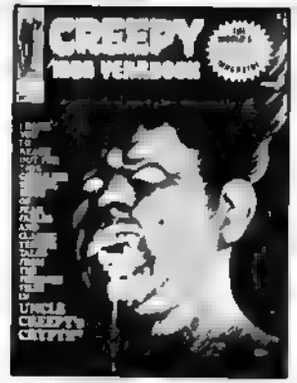

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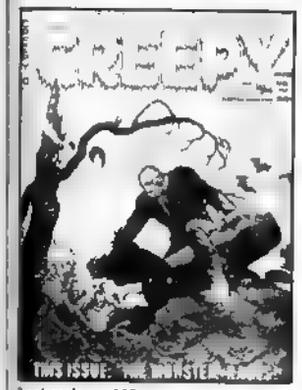

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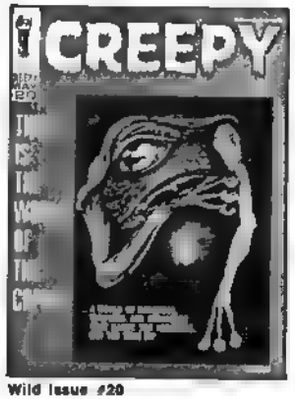

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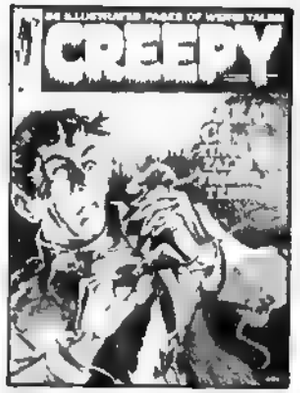

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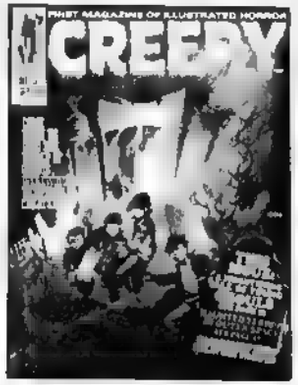

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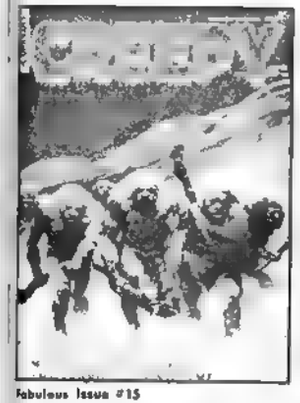
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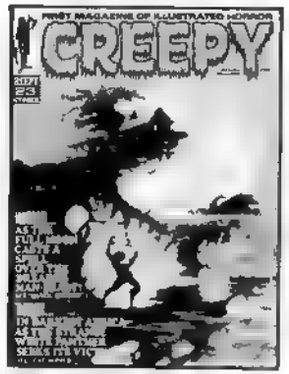

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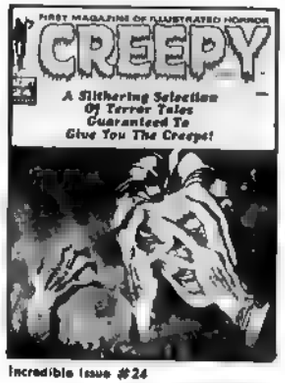

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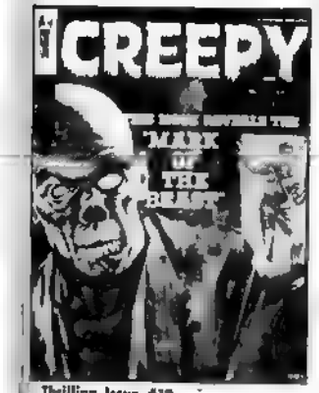

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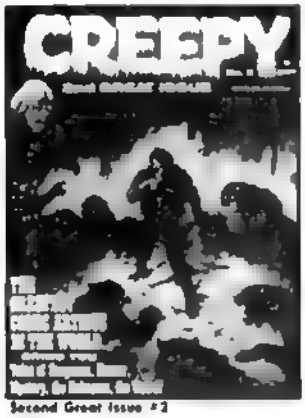

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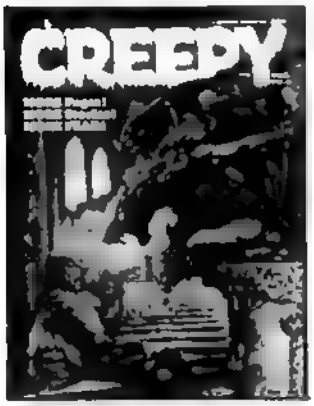

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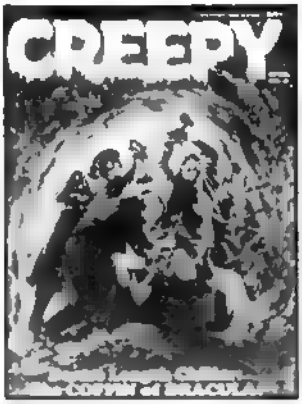

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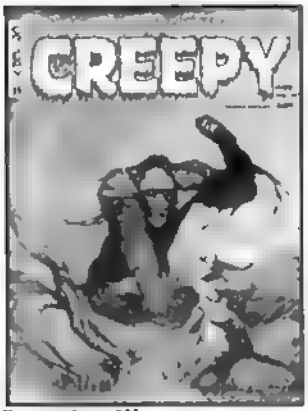

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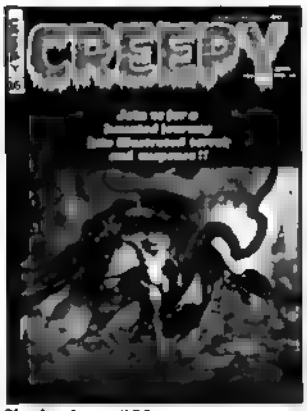

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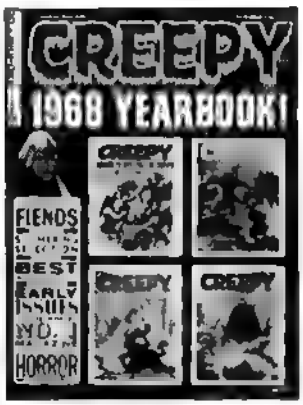

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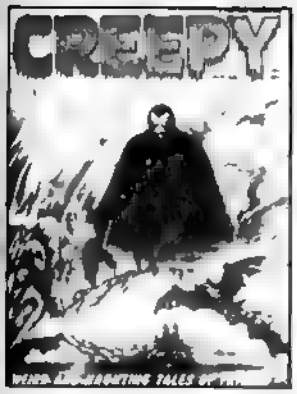

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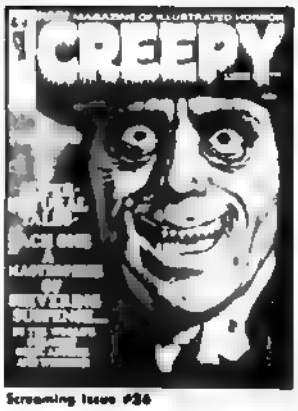

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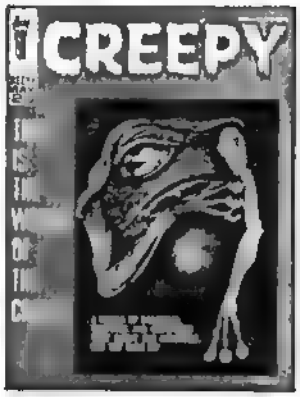

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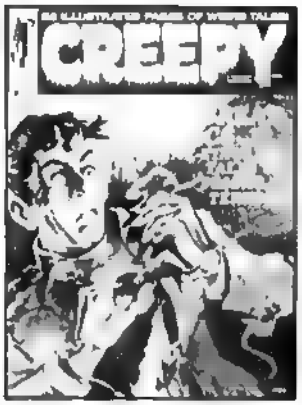

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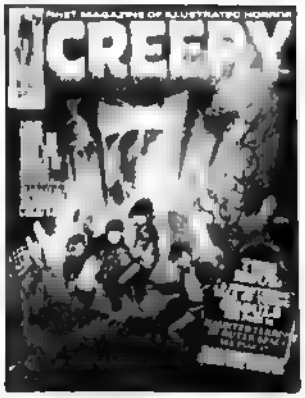

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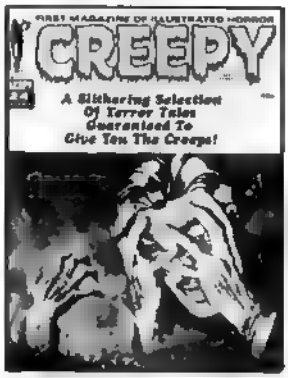

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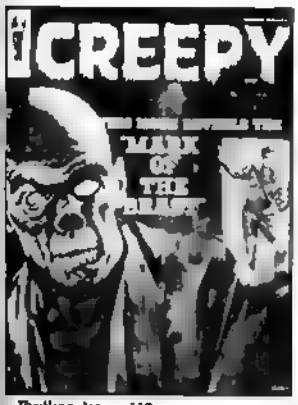

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EERIE FANFARE

NEW STAFF ARTIST:

SANHO KIM

No newcomer to the field of comic illustration, Sanho Kim has worked hard and long at perfecting his craft. Here's a brief outline of his career as far as its progressed to this date.

Born in the Year of the Hare in Seoul, Korea, thirty-one years ago, Sanho Kim has been the most popular storyteller and comic book artist Korea has ever known

When he was fourteen, he took a second look at the comic books he had been casualy reading for years. This led him, on graduation from high school, to enroll in Suhrabu Art College in Seoul where he studied both Oriental and Western art for four years (1957 1961). Yet, before he graduated, he found his first job writing and drawing comic books for a prescient publisher who liked the manuscript Sanho Kim brought to him one day

During the next eight years, Mr. Kim wrote and drew more than one-thousand books, each fifty to one hundred pages long Many were done, to meet a deadline, in the span of one week. However, his work included much more than just quantity. For instance, in 1964, he created his most famous character, Riepie, a semi Batman, semi - Captain America adventure strip in the superheo vein that became so popular and spawned so many offshoots in Korea that there isn't a man, woman, or child, especially, who hasn't heard of Riepie or Sanho Kim. As far as fame goes, you could say that Riepie is the Superman of Korea and Sanho Kim is its Charlie Schultz

Besides Riepie, Sanho Kim was responsible for many innovations in comic book format His characters, plots and artistic style were often aped by lesser artists trying unsuccessfuly to beat Sanho Kim at his own game. He is equally versatile in Eastern Westerns (samurai-type stories) and Western Westerns (the good old shoot-em ups), romance stories, horror stories, army stories, and even humorous and children's stories

In 1967, still at the height of his popularity, Sanho decided he needed other worlds to conquer. He felt that if you are a famous comic book artist in Korea, you are a famous comic book artist **only** in Korea. But if you are renowned in America, you are celebrated around the world For three years, he has been absorbing American language and culture, and studying the American style of comic book art. He is adapting it to his own inimical style of fluid lines and sharp, dark masses, without wrenching them out of the Korean tradition he has studied and defined for the past eleven years

Sanho is a baseball nut, among other sports He was the star pitcher on his publishing company's baseball team in Seoul. Now, he roots for the New York Yankees with a passion that New Yorkers thought was reserved only for the Mets. He discovered bowling in America. His average is moving through the 170's now and moving on to better things. He is unmarried, can't stop smoking, and can't understand why Americans don't care for soccer very much. His birthday is on August ninth, each year

There's another Sanho Kim story, in this issue, intitled "Money". As Mr Kim puts it, "it's a Korean folk tale passed down through the ages. The ruling spirit of all things human Money"

CHANGING SANDS
By J. David Warner

The subtle warmth of a rising sun roused the sleeping Glenn Corbin. He awoke to a cold breeze and the sound of waves thrashing an ocean beach Overhead a gull shrieked. Glenn shot up, staring out at the dawn

"Blast you!" He screamed forcibly. He threw his blanket off, rose and brushed the sand from his UPF observers uniform. It had been so long this was it.

"But I thought you liked the ocean." The "voice" hummed in his mind."

"I do! But not when it's fabricated for me by some life form the United Planets Federation had the misfortune of classifying as a planet "

"Glenn, that's cruel! "

He stepped forward, shaking an angry finger at nowhere in particular. "One year! One lousy year I've been stuck on your back—or whatever part I'm on Now my required year of observation is over."

"Glenn, please . . . please stay." The "voice" throbbed pleadingly

"No! Every night I go to sleep in one place and wake up in another. Last night I was in a nice, warm meadow Now I'm freezing on your damn seashore "

"Glenn, you're becoming ugly."

"I'm going right now and cal down my ship!"

"No you're not, Glenn."

Corben took a step. The sand looked firm, but his foot sank on contact. He lost balance and fell into the

". . . Quicksand!"

"You were a beautiful person, Glenn. I know you still are, inside But outside you're bitter " Corben kept sinking "The only thing I can do is—destroy your outside "

As the sun rose, it shone playfully on the rolling waves that fingered the beach. The beach lay barren . . . save a discarded UPF survey blanket crumpled in the sand

END

Robert Putnam of Jackson, Mich., has been a long time admirer of Frank Frazetta's art. Robert contributed a sample of his for comparison.

the RATS

written and illustrated by JOHN AYELLA

At midnight I arrived at the house, that dreadful dark and foreboding house, with the moon's rays upon it. The fire that burned within my bowels replenished itself as I looked upon the decaying features of the time warped edifice—upon the sagging Doric porch—upon the queer old crumbling gables—and upon the bleared pane windows leering vindictively down at me—knowing that behind those windows glared the baleful eyes of the rats, those lean, filthy and ravenous rats, forever espying me. It was there, within the gnawed away walls of that house that they had made their abode. Then, passing freely through the gate of a rusty iron fence which fully enclosed the grounds, I made my way up the walk leading to the decrepit house I tried the rusted latch and found the door unfastened Through the doorway came a reek of infinite mustiness welling out to meet me I entered and closed the door behind me, finding a small lamp from atop a table which I lit Ahead rose a narrow staircase leading into darkness, and at either side were closed doors. Crossing the wide, cobweb festooned hallway I came upon a dimly-illuminated corridor and at length before a great oaken door. Opening it inward, I found myself within a very large and lofty chamber, with faded draperies, worm-eaten wainscotted walls, sagging floors, tattered furniture, and an immense fireplace. Over all laid a heavy shroud of dust and cobwebs. Half choked with the omnipresent dust and covered with ghostly gossamer fibers I approached the fire place and proceeded to en kindle a fire within it. After a long lapse of time, a fire soon leaped and sparkled and threw quaint shadows through the old room. It was then that I heard them. The rats! Up and down behind, the wainscot, over the ceiling, and under the floor they scurried, gnawed, and scratched I retired for the night by the light of the fireplace. It was nearly three hours later when I awoke to the low, almost inaudible distant scurrying of rats. The fire had fallen low. Every side of the wainscotted walls were suddenly alive with the verminous slithering of ravenous rats, scampering and milling. I became aware then that the sounds were ushering from some inconceivable depth below Plugging wildly through the quilted darkness of the corridors and chambers, I came upon a small door at one side of the staircase. I descended the stone steps into the vaulted basement. Then they came. A swarm of hideous, obscene vermin. Forth from the many niches in the masonry, they hurried in fresh troops They leaped in hundreds upon me, they presssed, they swarmed. A stifled scream issued from my constricted lungs And the last sight I saw, laying fully revealed sprawled at the base of the steps, was a human skeleton!

EZIII

A regular reader and an avid fan of ours has a most unusual problem. He receives mail praising of paintings which have adorned our covers. His plight! He's NEVER painted a cover for our magazines. He's written us explaining his plight (see his letter on Dear Cousin Eerie page) and along with his letter he enclosed the drawing pictured below. His name, now get this . . . is . . . KEN KELLY, of Montesano, Washington.

THE END

By David McElmurry

First, the warm summer air stilled, and turned to the middle of winter. The houses and trees blended into one while my body grew numb. The voices around me faded into nothingness. Icy fingers encircled my body and I was lifted from the hard ground The movements of the crowd slowed, while waterfalls gushed from the eyes of a few. It is strange to see those below you looking at you when you aren't there. It is a strange, being in the mediocre state, deciding whether to go on living, or to pass into the eternal sleep The crowd is moving away now I can see practically the whole world, I can see everything that goes on. Then I pass into the peaceful state that always accompanies death

EZIII

This excruciatingly eerie rendition of "Death's Apparition" was penned by CRAIG EDELBLUT of New Orleans, La.

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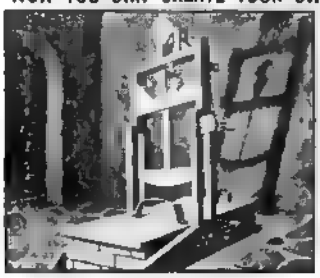

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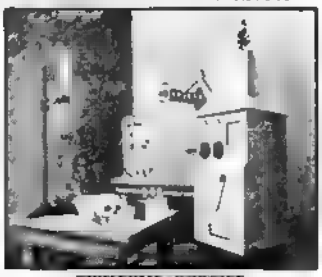

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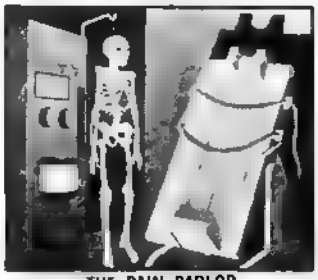

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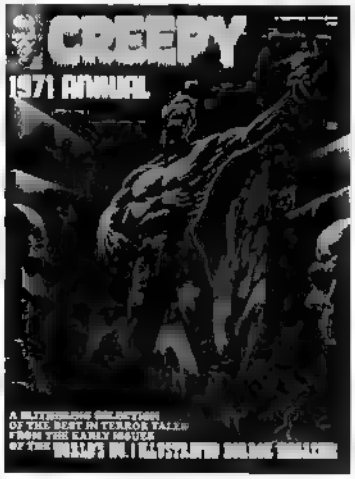

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ANNUAL WARREN AWARDS

THE FIRST ANNUAL WARREN AWARDS AT THE 1970

A JEALOUS VAMPIRELLA VOWS REVENGE IN 1971!

Frank Frazetta and Neal Adams were surrounded. The occasion: the annual Warren Awards, a highlight of the 1970 New York City Comic Art Convention

Gathered together on the stage of the main convention room on the 18th floor of the Statler Hilton hotel for the First Annual Warren Awards were James Warren, Editor and Publisher of the Warren line of comic magazines, **Creepy, Eerie,** and **Vampirella;** illustrators par excellence Frank Frazetta, Neal Adams, Wally Wood Tom Sutton, Ernie Colon, Billy Graham, and writers Nicola Cuti, and Archie Goodwin.

Warren, characteristically at home in front of the podium, began by introducing colorful Convention Chairman Phil Seuling, who in turn, introduced James Warren to the waiting assemblage of fans "as a man who needs no introduction." Warren later presented a gold trophy to Seuling in recognition of his efforts on behalf of comic art

The Warren Awards were officially underway. He introduced his staff, most of whom were in the audience and took appropriate bows After reciting a litany of their respectful virtues, he recited particular stories for each. Jokingly, he related "insults" carefully selected to suit the character of the individual staff member "Rich Buckler," he announced, "comes into our office once a week. He's always late with a story. We strip him, beat him, humiliate and insult him, degrade him horribly, and he pays us five dollars and goes home happy."

Introductory asides over, Warren plunged into the award ceremonies. Jim described the massive gold cups and statues as per-

Receiving the Frank Frazetta trophy for best illustrated story is Neal Adams (above). For his work on "Snowman", Creepy #31, Tom Sutton (at right) won the Bradbury cup.

Seated are artists Frank Frazetta, Tom Sutton, writer Nicola Cuti and artist Ernie Colon. Flanking them are their well deserved trophies Both Sutton and Colon go for their guns.

Warren (left) after honoring Billy Graham who receives congratulations of Frazetta and Sutton as Cuti obscures facial change to werewolf. Graham was honored for his work on the witch trilogy in Vampi #70 Unk Creepy vainly waits in the wings, unheralded.

Ernie Colon's heart-warming version of Uncle Creepy.

AT THE NEW YORK COMICON....

NEW YORK COMICON GO TO *CREEPY, EERIE* BOOKS! *VAMPI* POUTS!

A succubus from "The Soft, Sweet Lips of Hell", Vampi 10.

haps representative of "Dr. Wertham clutching his groin."

The Ray Bradbury award for Best Story in a Warren magazine went to Tom Sutton for **Snowman** in **Creepy #31.**

The Frank Frazetta cup for Best Illustrated Story was presented to Neal Adams for his version of **Rock God** in **Creepy #32.**

Frank Frazetta received the Jack Davis cup for the Best Cover for his **Eerie #23** cover.

Warren then announced a series of special awards writer Harlan Ellison for **Rock God;** Best All-Around Artist to Ernie Colon; a writing award to Cuti; and an honorable mention for artwork to Warren headmaster Billy Graham. Billy's **Black Witch** was one of a trilogy on the nature of witches which appeared in **Vampi #7. Creepy** and **Eerie** books were on the receiving end of the awards while **Vampirella** was left emptyhanded

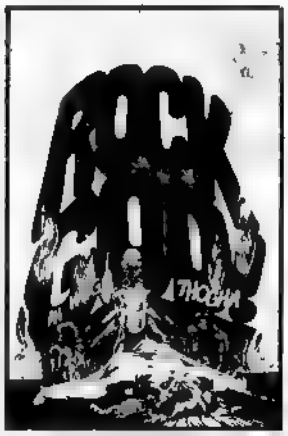
A panel session followed the awards. Asked about the morality of horror comic magazines, Warren answered, "There is no such thing as 'moral' or 'immoral' comic magazines. Comics are either badly written and drawn or well written and drawn "

Why the recent full page appeal (another is planned) to end the war in Vietnam? Declaring that the editorial was in line with "our business philosophy," Warren explained that everytime there is a riot or a violent confrontation between policemen and revolutionary, sales plunge. Pretty soon, Warren felt, if the situation continued, America herself might go out of business. This obviously would have a disastrous effect upon Warren publishing. If, in any way, the ad helped in ending the war, he felt it was a sound move.

Billy Graham's name, explained Warren, is often confused with that of a great and respected spiritual leader. "If I ever get a good artist named Oral Roberts, I'm going to be in big trouble," Warren said.

* * *

Material from this article came from Martin Greim's Comic Crusader #10. Copies of CC's special 1970 Convention Issue can be had by sending 50c to M. Greim, Box 132, Dedham, Mass. 02026.



Neal Adams' "Rock God", Creepy #32. Story by Harlan Ellison. "Rock God" was chosen Best Illustrated Story and Adams received the Frank Frazetta cup.

Tom Sutton's "Snowman"

Cover of Eerie #23

* * * * * *

DETAILS OF THE 1971 NEW YORK CITY COMICON

New York's fourth annual Comic Art Convention, host to the Warren Awards, will be held from July 2nd through the 5th, the second four-day convention ever held, in New York's Statler Hilton Hotel in the Penn Top Sky Top rooms, 18th floor. As expected, it promises to be the usual great and wondrous madhouse

Comicon Chairman Phil Seuling announced that he and Warren had developed an idea which would involve using conventioneers' names in future stories appearing in the Warren books.

Also, we hear that there might be a panel on underground comics and a fanzine editors panel, hosted by Comic Crusader publisher Greim.

Regular membership is $3.50, available in advance by mail, or at the door while daily membership is $1.50 per day, available at the door only. Supporting (non-attending) membership is $1.50 and includes both the Program Book and the Progress Report. The convention will be free to all Comicon members staying at the hotel. Room reservations are to be returned to convention sponsors and not to the hotel.

A special luncheon featuring Comicon's as yet unannounced guest of honor will be held Sunday, July 4th. Past honored denizens include Hal Foster (Prince Valiant) and Harvey Kurtzman (Little Annie Fanny).

For information, write Phil Seuling, 2883 West 12th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11224. This year's Con should be the best yet. And beware, the coming of the 1971 Warren Awards

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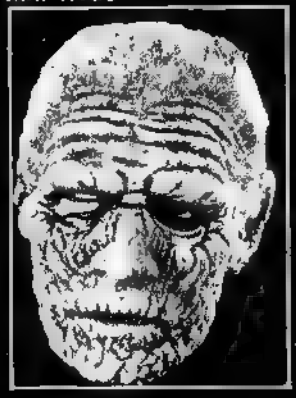

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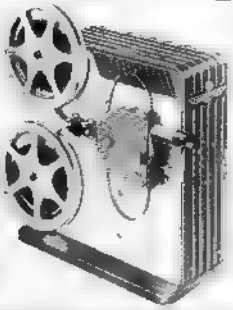

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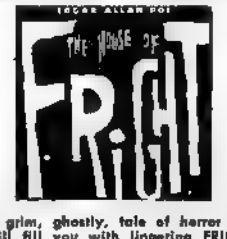

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MONEY! **MONEY!** **MONEY!** THE RULING SPIRIT OF ALL THINGS HUMAN. TAKE A GOLD COIN. HOLD IT UP. WATCH HOW THE SUN GLINTS OFF ITS FACE. WATCH HOW MEN BATTLE OVER IT. DO MEN **REALLY** BELIEVE THAT ALL THE ENERGY OF THE STARS -- ALL THE POWER OF THE UNIVERSE -- RESIDES IN THAT CLANKY PIECE OF METAL?

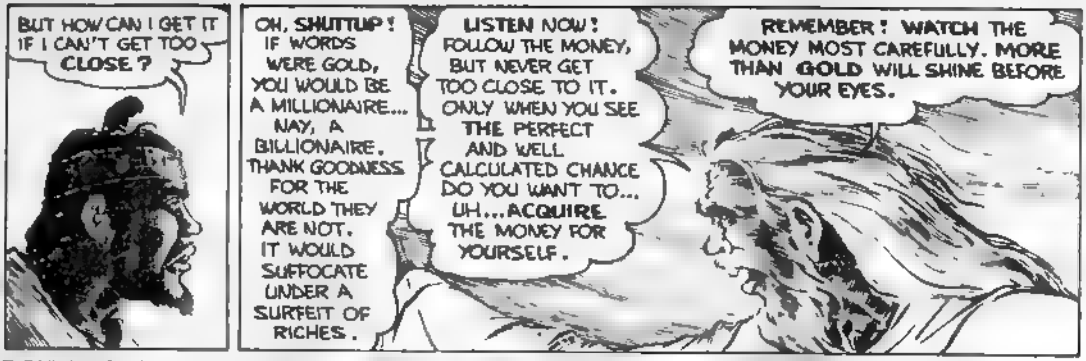
PERSONALLY, I'VE NEVER HAD MUCH USE FOR MONEY. STILL, MY PALMS **DO** BEGIN TO ITCH WHENEVER I CATCH SIGHT OF A **POOR, MORTAL** SOUL ATTEMPTING TO BECOME, IN THE THROW OF TWO DOTTED PIECES OF IVORY, A **RICH, IMMORTAL** SOUL. SOMETIMES, HE IS **HALF** SUCCESSFUL, BUT RARELY IS HE **COMPLETELY** SUCCESSFUL.

YET, I DO REMEMBER ONE OF THOSE **RARE** OCCASIONS IT HAPPENED LONG AGO IN DISTANT KOREA. WITNESS THIS MAN, A MOTE OF A SOUL FLOATING THROUGH HIS FATE....

MONEY

ART AND STORY BY SANHO KIM

THE POOR HAVE NO REFUGE. MY SISTER WILL KICK ME OUT NOW. WHAT I NEED MOST, I HAVE THE LEAST OF. THE WON HAS A LIFE OF ITS OWN, AND IT HAS DRAINED ME OF MY LIFE. I HAVE NO DESIRE TO CHASE THE WON ANYMORE.
LIFE IS ONLY FOR THE RICH. THE REST OF US DRAG OURSELVES ON UNTIL WE DROP OF EXHAUSTION... I AM SO TIRED NOW.
SOON, HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS: A MOULDY PIECE OF ROPE, THREE QUICK TWISTS AND SUDDENLY A NOOSE WAS HANGING FROM A SAGGING OAK. MR. PARK STARED LONG AT THE FOG THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE NOOSE.
YOUNG MAN! TELL ME WHY MONEY IS SO IMPORTANT!
HUH? MONEY? HOW DID YOU KNOW? AND...AND WHERE DID YOU...OH, NEVER MIND. JUST LEAVE ME ALONE. I NEED MONEY... BECAUSE.... BECAUSE... IT IS... LIFE. IT IS... POWER. IT IS PEACE OF MIND!
IT IS DUST. JUST: THE ALLUVIUM OF THE EARTH; THE EFFLUVIA OF MEN'S HEARTS. FROM DUST YOU MORTALS COME. O'ER DUST YOU MORTALS FIGHT. AND UNTO DUST YOU MORTALS GO.
DUST? DUST? STOP PREACHING TO ME AND LET ME FINISH OUT MY LIFE IN PEACE. THIS WORLD IS NOT MADE FOR THE POOR.
NOR FOR THE RICH.... HMM... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, I SEE...
LISTEN! I'LL TELL YOU HOW MONEY IS TO BE FOUND. GO BACK WHERE YOU COME FROM. MONEY WILL WALK OUT OF THAT HOUSE OF GAMBLING. FOLLOW IT. BUT DO NOT GET TOO CLOSE.



THE HUNTER'S MOON LED MR. PARK DOWN THE MOUNTAIN, TO THE TOWN, THROUGH SHADOWS AND STREETS, AND BACK TO THE VERY DOOR HE HAD EMERGED FROM EMPTY OF PURSE AND FULL OF REMORSE JUST HOURS BEFORE. HIS MIND HELD TERRIBLE CONFUSIONS, CLANGING AGAINST EACH OTHER IN A NOCTURNAL BATTLE: THE DESIRE FOR MONEY, THE SINEWS OF ONE SIDE, AND THE QUEER OLD ONE'S CAUTIONS, THE RAMPARTS OF THE OTHER.

WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR... LET'S GET'EM QUICKLY BEFORE SOMEBODY COME...
AHG!
EEEYEA! AA!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR ROBBERY AND MURDER! LAY DOWN YOUR SWORDS AND HAND OVER THAT BAG.
THE SERGEANT'S ROBE FLAPPED SHARPLY IN THE RISING AUTUMN BREEZE. AN OAKEN BROW WAS FURROWED, AN ARM WAS TENSED, AND, AGAIN, SWORDS WERE UNSHEATHED OVER A BAG OF MONEY.
IF YOU DARE, WE ARE THREE! OUR SWORDS THIRST FOR YOUR DOG'S BLOOD!
I'M AFRAID THAT THIS 'LL HURT YOU MORE THAN IT WILL HURT ME.

AAAAGGHH!
BLOOD AGAIN! I HATE IT! BLOOD! OVER A BAG O' BERRIES. I'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK TO THE STATION.... BUT....
IT'S SO MUCH MONEY... NO, I'D BETTER REPORT IT... YET... YET, I WONDER WHAT MY SISTER WOULD SAY. AND MI-RAN!
MI-RAN! MY LOVE! NOW I CAN MARRY YOU! YES, I'LL GO TO MI-RAN!
WELCOME, MY LORD, EVEN AT THIS LATE....
SSHHH H! I-INSIDE QUICKLY, MI-RAN! AND DROP THE FORMALITIES! DON'T WASTE TIME!

DUTIFULLY, MI-RAN SALVED HER SERGEANT'S SORES, QUENCHED HER LOVER'S APPETITE, AND LADLED OUT YAK SU. AT FIRST HESITANTLY, THEN EAGERLY, HE TOLD HIS LOVE HOW HE HAD GOTTEN THE MONEY AND...

.... NOW I WANT TO **MARRY** YOU, MI-RAN. I WANT YOU TO LEAVE THIS **TOWN** WITH ME. **PLEASE**, MY LITTLE ACORN.

I'M **RICH** NOW. AND I LOVE YOU, MI-RAN!

WE WILL LEAVE AT THE MORN AND STOP AT MY SISTER'S. AND THEN WE WILL FIND A PRIEST.

THAT'S WHAT WE WANT, **ISN'T IT?** TELL ME YOU **LOVE ME**, MI-RAN!

EAT, EAT, YOU CRAZY MAN! THIS IS NO TIME FOR NONSENSE. HERE, TAKE MORE YAK SU.

MORE YAK SU, MORE FOOD AND THE SERGEANT -- HIS GRIP ON HIS MONEY BAG STILL STRONG -- DROPPED OFF INTO THE ONE PLACE IN THIS LIFE WHERE MONEY MEANS NOTHING.

HE'S ASLEEP NOW, THE **SWEET**, BUT **STUPID** MAN. I CANNOT MARRY HIM. I DON'T LOVE HIM. ANYWAY MY **BROTHER** NEEDS THE MONEY MORE THEN SERGEANT DOES, OR EVEN I DO.

I AM DOING THIS ONLY FOR MY BROTHER. I DON'T CARE ABOUT MYSELF. I MUST BE SURE THAT HE WILL NEVER FIND ME AGAIN. I KNOW HIM. HE WOULD TRACK ME DOWN AND, IN HIS TEMPER, CARVE ME UP INTO LITTLE **DUMPLINGS**. THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO.

THE **BLOOD! BLOOD!** HIS EYES SHINE LIKE **QUICKSILVER!**

MAY MY GOD AND MY BROTHER FORGIVE ME!

AWARRGH!

HER STOMACH ROSE TO HER THROAT. THE OAKEN-HANDLED KNIFE FELL FROM HER FINGERS. SHE GRABBED FOR THE MONEY, AND, UNDER THE STAGGERING LOAD IN HER ARMS AND ON HER MIND, EDGED THROUGH EARLY MORNING STREETS UNTIL SHE HIT THE HIGHWAY.
I KNOW I HAVE DONE THE RIGHT THING. WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN POOR.
OUR MOTHER DIED OF EXHAUSTION, OUR FATHER DIED OF OVERWORK, AND NOW MY BROTHER-- MY POOR BROTHER-- IS ON HIS OWN DEATHBED. HE CANNOT EVEN AFFORD TO BUY MEDICINE FOR HIS WIFE AND...
I MUST GET THIS MONEY TO HIM!
OAKS MARCHED ALONG THE HIGHWAY INTO THE MOUNTAINS WITH MI-RAN. THE TREES BEGAN TO CLIMB. MI-RAN BEGAN TO CLIMB. THE TREES BEGAN TO SAG. MI-RAN BEGAN TO SAG. STRENGTH OF PURPOSE WAS GIVING WAY TO WEARINESS OF MUSCLE.
THE MONEY IS GETTING HEAVIER AND HEAVIER. I MUST REST, IF JUST FOR A MOMENT, TO GET BACK MY STRENGTH.
SHE STAGGERED TO THE BASE OF A GREAT OAK, DROPPED TO THE GROUND AND HALF-CONCEALED THE MONEY AMID ITS GNARLED ROOTS. BUT THAT WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH.
MMM... IT'S SO GOOD TO SIT DOWN AND REST FOR A MINUTE. THE MONEY CAN WAIT UNTIL I GET BACK MY ENERGY.
SHE'S TIRED AND SHE ISN'T HOLDING MY MONEY NOW. THIS IS MY PERFECT CHANCE.
THIS IS MY MONEY! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF IT, BUT I DO!
WAIT! NO! DON'T TAKE IT! PLEASE! I'LL GIVE YOU SOME!
BYE! THANKS!
OH, PLEASE! PLEASE! MY BROTHER NEED IT! PLEASE COME BACK! OH, PLEASE!

FINALLY! IT'S MINE! RIGHTFULLY MINE! HEH, HEH! AND THAT OLD GEEZER IN THE MOUNTAINS CALLED THIS ONLY DUST! HEH! NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD. I MUST GET...
UH-OH! I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THAT UGLY SWORDMAN IS LOOKING AT ME.
NO, MR. PARK DIDN'T HAVE ONE CARE IN THE WORLD. HE HAD EVERY CARE, EVERY WORRY, EVERY APPREHENSION, EVERY FEAR THAT EVER SETTLESON THE BROW OF MAN. HE WAS THE PERFECT EXAMPLE OF HOW TO BECOME PARANOID IN ONE, EASY LESSON.
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE. I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!
HAH! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT WEASEL-FACED RUNT? HE RUNS LIKE THREE WERETIGERS AND A CACODEMON WERE RUNNING UP HIS TAIL.
AT THE RATE MR. PARK WAS MOVING, THE TOWN WAS ONLY MOMENTS AWAY. BUT ONCE THERE, IT SEEMED TO HIM THAT EVERY EYE, EVERY EASY GLANCE BORE DOWN ON HIM AND HIS MONEY WITH NOTHING BUT MALEVOLENT DISIRE.
THEY WANT MY MONEY. THEY ALL WANT IT. IS THERE NO HONEST MAN IN THE WORLD? BUT THEY'LL NEVER GET IT FROM ME. NEVER!
I MUST EAT.... BUT CAN I TRUST HER? MAYBE SHE PUT POISON IN MY FOOD. YES, I CAN SEE THAT SHE WANTS MY MONEY. I... I CAN SEE IT.!. I MUST GET OUT OF THIS PLACE. YOU CAN TRUST WOMEN LEAST OF ALL. I KNOW!
EVERYONE OUT THERE IS WAITING UNTIL I FALL ASLEEP. THEN THEY WILL KILL ME FOR MY MONEY. BUT I WON'T LET THEM. THIS OAK OF A MAN IS TOO SMART FOR THEM, TOO SLICK FOR ANY OF THOSE BANDITS.
MR. PARK PULLED HIS MONEY BAG MORE TIGHTLY TO HIS CHEST. HIS CANDLE WAS BURNING LOW. IN THE SPUTTERING LIGHT, HE IMAGINED ALL MEN AS MURDERERS, PLUNDERERS, ROBBERS, PIRATES WHO WANTED HIS LIFE AND HIS MONEY.
SUDDENLY.....

I'LL SNEAK OUT NOW WHEN IT'S TOO DARK FOR ANYONE TO SEE ME. HEH, HEH! I'M TOO CLEVER FOR THEM. EVEN MY SISTER WILL NEVER FIND ME.
I'LL GO UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS. NO ONE WILL EVER FIND ME THERE. NEVER!
PURSUED BY BY HIS FEARS AND SOOTHED BY HIS INGENUITY, MR. PARK TRUNDLED UP AN ACORN-STREWN TRAIL UNTIL HE AND HIS MONEY REACHED THE SUMMIT.
I'VE DONE IT! I'M SAFE, NOW! SAFE AT LAST WITH MY MONEY! NO ONE WILL HAVE IT BUT ME! IT'S MINE FOR ALL TIME!
YES, THE MONEY AND THE PEAK WERE ALL MR. PARK'S. HE SET HIMSELF AND HIS MONEY DOWN, FOLDED HIS ARMS, AND GLOWERED AT THE HORIZON -- LEERED OUT AT ALL THE WORLD.
A DAY. A MONTH. A YEAR. TIME PASSED. MR. KIM REMAINED. HIS MONEY REMAINED. THEN, ONE DAY.....
GOOD DAY, MY OLD FRIEND. HOW IS THE DUST-GUARDING BUSINESS?
DON'T BE CUTE. OR GET TOO CLOSE, OLD ONE. I'M WATCHING YOU. NO ONE WILL EVER GET HIS HANDS ON MY MONEY. NOT EVEN YOU!
HEH, HEH! YOU ARE SO RIGHT, SO RIGHT!
OF COURSE, I'M RIGHT, MY LIFE IS NOTHING WITHOUT MY MONEY.
LOOK AT YOURSELF. THAT MONEY CAN MEAN NOTHING TO YOU NOW. IT'S FOR REAL PEOPLE ...NOT LIKE YOU AND ME. WE DO NOT NEED TO EAT OR BUY SHELTER. SO, WHAT USE IS MONEY TO OUR KIND?
NO, I'M NOT HALF AS SENILE AS YOU ARE VAIN. TAKE A LOOK AT YOURSELF -- A GOOD HARD LOOK.
WHAT? YOU ARE SENILE!
WHY!...!...! DON'T CARE. THIS MONEY IS MINE. GO AWAY. LEAVE ME ALONE. I MUST GUARD IT VERY CAREFULLY. I DON'T WANT ANYONE NEAR ME. DON'T YOU KNOW HOW MANY BANDITS THERE ARE IN THESE HILLS? I MUST WATCH.... I MUST WATCH. AND NEVER GIVE UP.
IT IS SAID BY THOSE WHO SHOULD KNOW THAT IN THE HEART OF KOREA, THERE IS A GREAT MOUNTAIN WITH A GREAT FORTUNE IN GOLD AT ITS SUMMIT. IT IS FURTHER SAID THAT ALL WHO HAVE ATTEMPTED TO CLAIM IT HAVE NEVER BEEN SEEN AGAIN TO WALK WITH THEIR FELLOW MAN.
I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED IF THE RICH MORE POSSESS THEIR MONEY OR ARE POSSESSED BY IT. NOW I AM SURE. GREAT FORTUNE IS GREAT SLAVERY. MR. PARK NEVER LEARNED. WHAT AN ACORN BRAIN HE HAD. IT SIMPLY GOES TO SHOW YOU THAT A FOOL AND HIS MONEY ARE NEVER PARTED!
THE END

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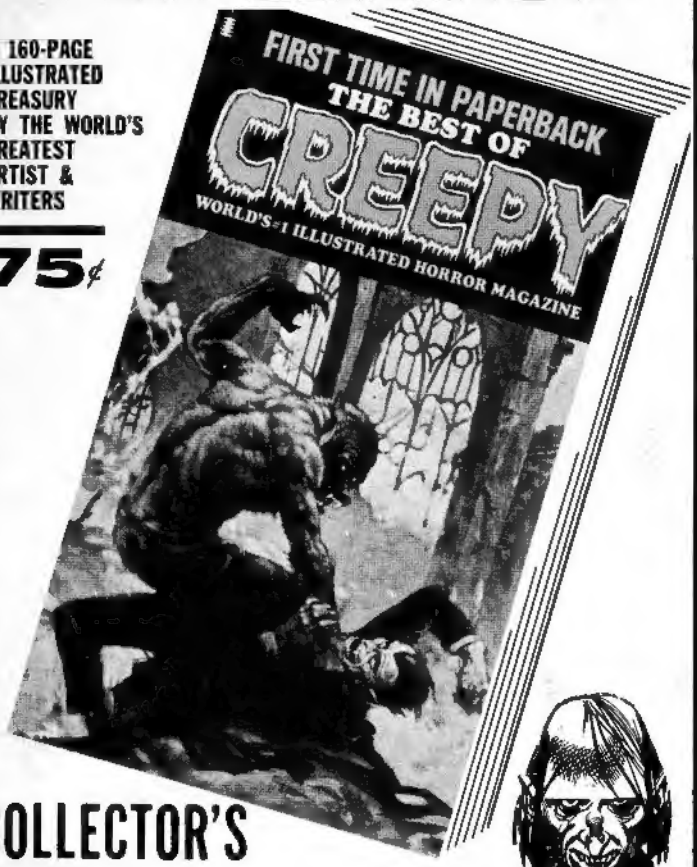

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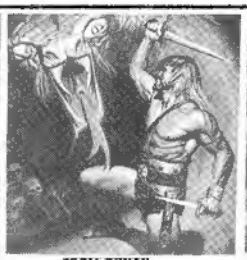

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